

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1089 SEPTEMBER 1956

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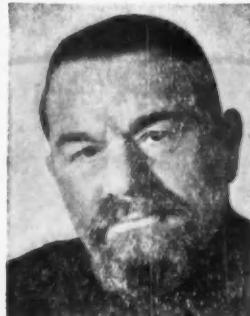
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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

46-47 CHANCERY LANE • LONDON W.C.2

THE PARLIAMENTARY SESSION

THE fashion is to overpaint the inessentials of politics. Individuals in particular are represented in the popular press (and even in some papers which should know better) in the most violent purple or sombre black. So turning back on the newspaper year in Parliament the times seem to have been sensational. But looking under the surface of Geneva and the "B and K" visit, Mr. Butler's resignation and the outcry in the Tory press against Sir Anthony Eden, I am not so sure that very much has happened. In fact the first year of Sir Anthony's Government may be notable in history for what the Government did not do rather than for what it did. It has not stamped hard on inflation. In economic affairs it dithered last summer and then acted too gently and too late. It has produced no new thought on the development of the Welfare State. To me as a Liberal it is high time we turned the Welfare State into a Welfare Society. We have to mould our society to meet the 'fifties and 'sixties—the age of automation, nuclear power and the supremacy of the machine and scientist. The Welfare State is still facing the problems of the 'thirties. But the Government have rejected Liberal proposals for the amendment of the Unemployment Insurance Scheme to allow of lump sum payments, or at least larger payments during the early days of unemployment. Such an amendment should greatly facilitate the mobility of labour. Nor have we had any clear definition of our aims in Defence. No sign emerged from the conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers that the Government had anything new to say about the Empire. The Dominions have not been asked to come in as partners to share the responsibility for Commonwealth decisions over, say, Cyprus or the African colonies. There has been no seizure of the initiative in Europe or the Middle East.

All these are opportunities missed. The Government will find it harder to face the big problems as time goes on, the election draws nearer, and economic affairs get more difficult. I have seen it said that they have had a hard time lately and much bad luck. The opposite is true. They have failed in a year of world boom, with favourable terms of trade, a more co-operative Russia and tranquility at home. Sir Anthony has yet to navigate in such rough waters as Lord Attlee faced, let alone Sir Winston or Neville Chamberlain. This makes his comparative failure all the more striking. I believe it is a failure of will-power in the Cabinet. I would say, looking at the Government, that it is this lack of will-power, and the absence of any vision about the kind of society they want to create, which is so striking. The two go together. No statesman can face the hurdles in his path or survive the grind of day to day business unless he has a clear sight of something which he wants to achieve. I do not get the feeling of iron determination to mould events in the performance of the Prime Minister, Mr. Butler or Sir Walter Monckton. They are admirable negotiators, astute politicians, but not men with a mission. It is one thing to want to be Prime Minister or in the Cabinet, it is another to know how to use the office once you have achieved it. I always thought that the Tories were a little too eager to replace Sir Winston. Sir Anthony and his colleagues certainly enjoy their offices for which they so long nursed honourable ambitions; but they lack the enthusiasm for the acts and achievements of office which Sir Winston provided. They shrink from the upsets

which his continual initiative and his exploration of new ideas provoked.

Nor does it appear that any new ideas have come from the young Tories, Mr. Butler's Backroom Boys. Perhaps this is not surprising. Mr. Butler's own role over the India Bill, the Education Act and at the Foreign Office has been that of a reconciler of different points of view. He is a finder, not of new truths, but of highest common factors. However, it was hinted some years ago that the Left were in for a shock. No longer would the young Conservatives be content to prime, polish and preserve what was left them by Liberals and Socialists; they were going to put into practice new ideas of their own. But so far these have not seen the light of day. Not even a tentative step has been taken towards the perennial electioneering goal of the Conservatives—a property owning democracy. Mr. Maudling and Mr. Macleod are very able, they run their departments well, but so far they have made no impact on Tory policy. What effort there has been to imprint a distinctive Tory stamp on affairs has come from Sir Ian Horobin, Lord Hinchingbroke, Mr. Simon, Mr. Ormsby-Gore, Mr. Fletcher-Cooke, Mr. Nabarro and such like. In Parliament I am afraid it has not been very successful. But behind the scenes some ferment may be bubbling.

Perhaps it is unfair to judge the Government so harshly just yet. Decisions may have been taken which will bear fruit in the coming session. Mr. Macmillan's economic bite may well be more effective than his bark. In the House of Commons he has been rather muted. He is careful not to provoke. He is confounding those who say that he is a cynic, a wit, a heartless player at politics or worse still "a ham actor playing the part of Harold Macmillan." Sometimes he seems obsessed by the experience of the 'thirties. He suffers like his colleagues from the hangover of an uneasy conscience about that gloomy era—a conscience which all too often makes them cowards. Nor is he so well equipped technically for his job as were Mr. Gaitskell or Mr. Butler. But he has an excellent record and guts. His "savings budget" is an act which is really attuned to at least one pressing need of our time.

The other ministers who have contributed positive measures are Mr. Thorneycroft and Mr. Sandys. They have made a start with their Restrictive Practices Bill and Housing Policy. It remains to be seen if they can follow up their start. Then there is Mr. Heathcoat Amory booked like Mr. Sandys for the highest promotion. Everyone believes him to be disinterested. Everyone likes him. The Prime Minister has generated a striking degree of irritation within the Palace of Westminster while holding his place as the blue-eyed boy of the Tory voter in the country: Mr. Amory on the other hand provokes nothing but respect and agreement within the Palace, but is hardly the idol of the farmers. He could take the place Baldwin held in the 'twenties. I rather think he will.

On the back Conservative benches I would pick Mr. Spearman and Sir Ian Horobin to make the best argued, most coherent and indeed courageous speeches. Among under-secretaries I find Mr. Deedes compelling in spite of his appalling briefs, and Mr. Derek Walker-Smith's Union style of the *enfant terrible* is still irresistible. Last, but not by a long chalk least, there is Mr. Heath, an admirable chief whip clearly not destined to slip from that post to the obscurity of the Lords and the City. When he goes into a Ministry there are several assistants worthy of his place including the Scottish Whip, Mr. Galbraith.

Turning to the Opposition the most notable feature of their performance in the House has been its lack of fire. Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Wilson have made cutting attacks on the Government's financial policy. But even over the Butler second budget there has been no belly surge of real outrage. Mr. Bevan, presented with the wide target of the grossly misconceived Cyprus policy, has failed to generate much fervour. I cannot help feeling that the thoughts of the Opposition often stray from the current business of the House. They must be thinking about their policy pamphlets or engaged in internal party affairs. Perhaps their leaders, so intent on fostering the not very deep-rooted unity of the past twelve months, are a little frightened of potential *frondeurs* on the back benches. Their anxiety to escape from Westminster during the Suez crisis was astonishing. They bent over backwards in assisting the Government to rid itself of Parliament on time. I cannot believe that Sir Winston, had he been leader of the Opposition, would have allowed the Government to pack up the House of Commons during a first-class crisis. But the appearance of unity in his party (which could not have been long preserved had the House continued to sit) is the dominating theme of Mr. Gaitskell at the moment. Nevertheless he has made some first-class speeches and established himself as a potential Prime Minister of no mean order. Miscalculations over the business which the House should discuss—apart from the Suez performance, there was the long delay in debating Cyprus and the false issues of the Egyptian tanks and the Frogman—will soon be forgotten. They make me a little uneasy, however, about his political judgement.

Among Mr. Gaitskell's followers, Mr. Healey and Mr. Jenkins have both improved their growing reputations. I think it is reasonable too to put in a modest word for the Liberals: over the Restrictive Practices Bill and on economic affairs generally a consistent and effective line has been pursued. Considering the inconsistencies in the Government's free enterprise policy it is vital to have some critics who probe from a free enterprise standpoint.

The atmosphere in the House has seldom been electric. Attendances in the middle reaches of debates have been low. This may be due to the personalities of our leaders. It may be due to the feeling that important decisions are being taken elsewhere. It may be due to general contentment. For, though the middle classes may be restless, they are not hungry. A good deal of credit, however, should be given to Mr. Butler, who, in spite of misfortune and illness, has led the House quite excellently.

Three miscellaneous—but perhaps inwardly related—phenomena strike me. The disappearance of the British Foreign Secretary and the shrinkage of British Foreign policy. The stories of Cyprus and Egypt should be set as text-book cases of how not to conduct Imperial and Foreign Affairs. Even the sabre-rattling over Suez has a hollow ring and the sabre is wielded rather uncomfortably by the Prime Minister. Secondly, the growing power of the Civil Service must soon present a serious problem over their anonymity. The clutter of minor bills, the innumerable difficulties quoted by Ministers as a reason for cautious inaction, the performance of the Home Office, all show a Government run from behind. In the circumstances how long can the fiction of ministerial responsibility be maintained? Thirdly, the dislike of Parliament for politics. To take an extreme example of this consider the recent debate on Scottish Industry and Trade: the burden of the Opposition's case

was that Scottish Industry was not investing enough. And the Government counter by asking whose fault this was. Who made the noblest promises of more for consumption? Who milked private savers but would not face up to totalitarian methods of government surveys? It did not. The Secretary of State read a brief with about as much punch as the speeches prepared for Royal Persons at the unveiling of statues—and with about as much relevance to the debate. It was, as I say, an extreme but not untypical example of front bench oratory.

If the Government want to inspire Parliament and capture the imagination of the country let them consider the following changes: Sir Ian Horobin and Sir Alec Spearman to the Treasury, Lord Hinchingbroke in charge of Transport, Lord Coleraine to Foreign Affairs, Mr. Walter Elliot and Sir Robert Boothby to Scotland and the Colonies (either to either—they are both under-developed areas), Lord Bracken to Defence, and Mr. Montgomery Hyde, or Mr. Simon to the Home Office. There are plenty of good members to fill other jobs, Mr. Ormsby-Gore, Mr. Fletcher-Cooke, Mr. Orr and Mr. Cooper for instance. I certainly should not agree with all the doings of such a government, nor, I confess, would their course be very straight. But they might get somewhere—and they would put some pep back into politics.

J. GRIMOND

EGYPT AND THE CANAL

THE conference convened in London on August 16th showed how promptly and deeply all five continents of the world were concerned in President Nasser's decision, made only three weeks earlier, to "nationalize" the Suez Canal Company. Speed being a keynote of the age, the upshot in what may be called the revolt of Egypt against the West and her defiance of the combined power of the three chief western nations had been quickly made manifest. No sooner were the British forces evacuated from the canal zone in April last in conformity with the Anglo-Egyptian agreement reached in Cairo on July 27th, 1954, than three things, closely connected with each other, took place: Colonel Nasser made a gesture to Russia; Britain and the United States withdrew the offer previously made to finance the Aswan dam; and Colonel Nasser annexed the Suez Canal Company. "Annexed" is a fair word, because the Egyptian Government's promulgation of a law purporting to nationalize the canal as from July 26th last violated a clear treaty obligation and was an equally clear impulse of what Colonel Nasser called "independent sovereignty," asserting itself over all other considerations.

It may be that the cynics will turn up their eyebrows, not at Egypt, but at her critics. What else, they may ask, do you expect? Persia and the oil, Egypt and the canal: these are instances of this modern fashion of the "nationalization" of assets which was made possible by the folly and the crime of two world wars, whose main result was the ensconcing of governments in positions of almost unbounded power, unrestrained by morality or reason. The canal had been built, financed and maintained by others, and is of international importance. Without a by-your-leave or firm offer of compensation Egypt decided to take it.

In this recent instance of governmental "smash and grab," a distinction

needs to be made between its two main implications, the one strategic, the other economic and financial. The economic and financial consequence is substantial, the strategic almost negligible.

Let the latter aspect be considered first. No less a strategist than Sir Winston Churchill is on record to pronounce judgment. What we used to call strategy has been deflated by the thermonuclear developments. The Anglo-Egyptian agreement, or "heads of agreement," initialed in Cairo on July 27th, 1954, by Mr. Anthony Head and Colonel Nasser gave rise to an interesting debate in the British House of Commons, made more interesting by what has now taken place. The agreement provided for the complete withdrawal of British forces from the Suez Canal zone within twenty months from the date of signature of the agreement. It was made for a seven-year period from that date. It stipulated that during the last twelve months of the period the two governments should consult together upon the necessary arrangements that would fall due when the period expired. The canal military zone was to be maintained, and provision was made for its immediate re-militarization in the event of an attack by an outside Power upon any Arab League State or upon Turkey.

What may be called the die-hard reaction provoked in the House of Commons on July 29th, 1954, forces itself into the memory. Captain Charles Waterhouse, for instance, (a Conservative member) declared that in the piece of paper dated two days earlier we had got all that was left of eighty years of British endeavour, thought and foresight in Egypt. "I and my friends," he said, "had feared that there would be a sell-out. This is not a sell-out. It is a give-away." That was the sort of thing that was flung at Sir Winston Churchill from his own back benches. What he answered must be remembered among the best things he ever said, and he has said many fine things. It is particularly relevant to the questions raised today by Colonel Nasser's rape of the canal. "I have not," said Sir Winston, "in the slightest degree concealed the fact, in public speech, how much I regretted the course of events in Egypt. I have not held my mind closed to the tremendous changes that have taken place in the whole strategic position in the world which make the thoughts which were well-founded and well-knit together a year ago obsolete—absolutely obsolete—and which have changed the opinions of every competent soldier that I have been able to meet. . . . I am not going to attempt to lay these arguments before the House, but I should be quite prepared to do so, and to show how utterly out of all proportion the Suez Canal and the position which we hold in Egypt are to the appalling developments and the appalling spectacles which imagination raises before us. Merely to try to imagine in outline and to portray the first few weeks of a war as it would be now, under conditions which we did not know about when this session commenced, and about which we had not been told—merely to portray that picture and submit it to the House, would, I am sure, convince it of the obsolescence of the base and of the sense of proportion which is vitally needed at the present time, not only in military dispositions but in all our attempts to establish human relationships between the nations."

In other words Sir Winston begged his own followers not to cry over spilt milk. We have reached the position where the Suez Canal at one end and Gibraltar at the other end of a Mediterranean Sea which was once of decisive import in the strategy of armed sovereign States have lost their strategic

value. The thermonuclear weapon has dictated an entirely new approach to what we used to call strategic problems.

The financial and economic aspect of the matter, however, is important. It is not affected by the atomic bomb. Every maritime nation uses the Suez Canal. Colonel Nasser assures the world that under Egyptian control and ownership the ships of all nations would be able to use the canal as before. Of what value, however, is an assurance from the lips of one who has stolen (if for the moment a spade be called a spade) the assets of the Suez Canal Company without even a guarantee of compensation and in violation of an Egyptian formal obligation? And apart from the person of Colonel Nasser himself the prospect opens of a single-handed Egyptian control of a waterway of vast economic importance to the whole world. What Colonel Nasser says is not the important thing. Today in the devastated fields of international relations words are used as means to an end without relevance to their literal meaning or respect for their implication. In the classic case of the Kremlin's use of words, it would probably by now cause surprise to those who use them that anyone should regard them as anything but a cold weapon. Just as in the last hot war a Russian claim would not bear analytical examination—indeed when it was pointed out to a Russian ambassador that Russia's cumulative claim to the taking of German prisoners amounted in a few weeks to a total exceeding the whole population of Germany, he answered simply that if the claim succeeded in deceiving anybody it served its purpose—so in the cold wars of the atomic age words are regarded as having served their purpose if they succeed in an intended deception or other intended purpose. In this field Colonel Nasser seems to be an apt student. It may be that French and British tears are wasted over assets already lost (as lost they are almost bound to be whatever combined retaliatory action be taken by France, Britain, the United States and other associated Powers); but the residuary threat has to be faced of damage to the general fabric of confidence.

Confidence is the very fount and origin of international commerce. It is true that in our time, so accustomed have we become to shocks in this matter, we tend to take a good deal for granted and to take in our stride such things as (for instance) the annexation of foreign assets and property in South America or the Middle East; yet each new default, each new act of financial piracy, acts as a deterrent to future enterprise, enterprise being the handmaid of confidence. When Britain and Germany went to war with each other in that fatal August of 1914, how few were the prophets who could foretell the depth of disaster that would logically follow. It is one part of the bill that we foot today that the Suez Canal and Middle Eastern oil become the object of a sort of aggression that conforms to the spirit of war. It is unfortunate that the United States and Britain made promise of financial help for the dam, only to withdraw it. It played incidentally into Russia's hands.

It is not surprising that Russia's finger is in this, as it is in all contemporary pies of discord. As an active force communism resulted from the first World War. Its empire spread over half the world as a result of the second World War. It still thrives on discord. Many of its incidental results have still to be faced. It caused little surprise when Russia announced her acceptance of the invitation to attend the London Conference on August 16th, nor that in doing so she proposed that invitations be sent also to nearly all the other States not invited. Russia loves world conferences. She loves platforms.

Even in accepting the invitation for herself (and in proposing that the conference be postponed to the end of the month to give time for more preparation) she plunged into all the controversial argument that could have been expected. It has been one of Russia's purposes these past forty years to foment and organize dissension, discontent and distress, for they are the breeding ground of communism. What has now to be faced as the immediate result of Colonel Nasser's action is a world-wide spectacle of cold warfare, East being ranged against West and communists against non-communists, conducted with all the vulgarity and lack of honest dealing which has been a feature of communist argument for nearly half a century.

Whatever be the financial loss that now becomes inevitable for the pioneers of the canal or the disruption that will afflict international trade during a transitional period, there is no doubt in any fair mind that Sir Anthony Eden is right in making a stand and in putting the emphasis on the international scope of the canal's function. Its function is vital to many countries, not including Egypt herself. The argument that nowadays governments are entitled to nationalize industries and assets—it has been done in Britain, as Sir Anthony observed—falls down before the argument that no government is entitled to "nationalize" assets which are not national, that is, which neither belong to the country where they happen to be situated, nor are of exclusive interest to that country. The nationalization of coal is one thing. The taking over of a canal built, financed and maintained by others and vital to many, is another. It amounts truly to piracy.

How can it be allowed that so many nations be placed at the mercy of one man, whether Colonel Nasser or his successors? The obvious and only solution, proposed by the West, is not to nationalize but to internationalize the canal, with compensation to the present owners, full freedom for the ships of the world, and adequate financial profit to Egypt.

GEORGE GLASGOW

THE NEW SITUATION IN MOROCCO

ALTHOUGH an acknowledged fact since March 2nd, Morocco's independence will take some three years before becoming complete.

The take over and integration into one country of the two protectorates and the international zone of Tangier is a big undertaking. The Moroccan leaders realise this, and, despite the impatience of the illiterate masses to throw out all "colonialists," they are not tackling all questions at once. The negotiations between the Sultan's Government and France and Spain are only just beginning. Whereas France wants interdependence, which finds little favour with the Moroccans, Spain is content with co-operation. In reality it will work out the same, the Moors playing off one country against the other to obtain the maximum benefits from both. Although independent, Morocco's frontiers are yet to be fixed. In the north the Spanish claim the ports of Ceuta and Melilla as part of Spain. This question was not tackled during the Sultan's recent visit to Madrid to sign the termination of the Spanish protectorate. In the south the Moroccans want the frontier pushed back to include the Spanish possessions of Ifni, Rio de Oro and French Mauretania. This also remains to be negotiated. The eight nations, Britain among them, who since the Treaty of Algeciras in 1906 have admin-

istered the International zone of Tangier have already agreed to its integration with the rest of Morocco. So far nothing in Tangier has changed, the Moroccan Government giving their whole attention to more pressing problems.

Meanwhile terrorism, chiefly in the south zone which rose to a peak just before the Sultan's return, is dying down. Mohammed V, who has agreed to rule constitutionally, formed his government from the two most powerful parties, the Istiqlal (Independence party) and the P.D.I. (the democratic party of independence). A third party, the P.U.I., has headquarters in Tangier. There is little Communism in Morocco and no official party. Apart from the Sultan one of the leading men is El Fassie who started the Istiqlal party and was the first to oppose the French. During his exile he lived in Cairo. Another was Ahmed Balafréj the Foreign Minister. The day the French exiled Sultan Mohammed Ben Yussef, August 20, 1953, and encouraged the Berber pasha of Marrakesh, El Glaoui, to proclaim Ben Arafa Sultan, they signed the end of their protectorate. Although they have done an immense amount for Morocco during their forty-four years, it will be a long time before the Moroccans forgive them for exiling the Sultan. Neither can they forget France's efforts to prevent their independence. Only when the whole country seethed with revolt did the French reluctantly allow the Sultan's return. The Moors know this. Although Paris held out for interdependence, they had irretrievably lost face. Perhaps it is lucky for Morocco's internal peace that El Glaoui died after an operation at the time of Mohammed V's return.

Spain's position was different. Their protectorate, much smaller and poorer, never meant much to them except for prestige value. General Franco had not forgotten France's treatment of him at the end of the war, and they never consulted Madrid about exiling the Sultan. Therefore the Spanish authorities were only too pleased to encourage the Jalifa—nominally the Sultan's representative at Tetuan—to refuse allegiance to Ben Arafa. All the Caids of the Spanish protectorate reaffirmed their allegiance to the exiled Sultan. There were several serious incidents on the frontier between the two Protectorates, and Paris and Madrid exchanged acrimonious notes. When France was obliged to negotiate the country's independence, Spain quickly followed suit with much propaganda directed to all the Arab states. Mohammed V was given an enthusiastic welcome in Spain, but the thorny question of the "*plazas de Soberania*" Ceuta and Melilla was not touched. A special commission has arrived in Tetuan, capital of the ex- protectorate, to negotiate the handover. Because neither Spain nor France trained the natives to take over, the Moroccan Government is faced with a serious shortage of qualified men. Their chief necessity are engineers and doctors. In the autumn they hope to open a school for lawyers. The postal service has been in the hands of the French, Spanish and at Tangier and Tetuan the British also.

Morocco's independence and unification under one government and headquarters at Rabat presents unusual difficulties. The Moroccans must take over from three different systems. At the declaration of independence all frontiers were abolished and visas no longer necessary. The old protectorates are now known as the south zone and the north zone. Eventually the currency for the whole country will be the Moroccan franc. This

replaced the silver *hasani* in 1938. However, the Spanish are still negotiating for the retention of the peseta as second currency. This is not favoured by the Moors as it is not "their" money. For the present, there is little outward difference in the public services. The French and Spanish officials are still at their posts, but each department is now under a Moroccan minister. The French and Spanish police officers remain, but only obey the orders of Si Lajhzaoui, Directeur de la Sureté Nationale in the Moroccan Government. The Europeans are still judged by the same courts with Moroccan and European lawyers and judges. The Moroccans are still judged by native courts. This will in time be replaced by one judicial system on much the same lines for the whole country and for both Europeans and Moors alike.

Although the take-over is gradual, the French colons are uneasy. Many are leaving. Some are returning to France while others are emigrating to South America. Despite the reiterated assurances of the Sultan and other chief men that all Europeans, their belongings and religion will be respected, the French are uncertain of the future. Till now they have been the masters and always used the "tu" when speaking to Moroccans: now they themselves are the outsiders, and many of the agitators have spread the belief among the illiterate that they will now be given all European possessions, especially land. The future is particularly uncertain for those who belong to *Présence Française*, who staunchly supported the puppet Sultan. The Spanish are looked on much more favourably because the Moors know they have always taken their part. But in the enthusiasm and quick tempers of nationalism, this attitude might easily change if Spain does not give up Ceuta and Melilla.

The new State already has its army. The Royal Moroccan Army of fifteen thousand men is equipped by the French. There is also the Army of Liberation, guerrillas organised by the Istiqlal to fight the French. The Moroccans are now trying to incorporate them in the official army. However, some of these guerrillas still attack the French from their mountain strongholds. These disturbances are now dealt with by the Moroccans themselves. The remaining units of the French army are being kept in reserve or used along the borders with Algeria to prevent gun-running. This leads to flare-ups and pitched battles because the Moroccans openly take the part of the Algerian nationalists. For the present the "colons" have the French Army and Air Force to give them a sense of security. The Moroccans, however, want to see these units withdrawn as soon as possible. This is one of the most important questions yet to be settled. Because of the uncertainty of the future for Europeans the price of real estate has fallen greatly. Even the boom town of Tangier is in a slump. The Tangier question is not yet fully settled. For the present the International Administration continues to direct the affairs of the cosmopolitan port, but only in a municipal capacity under Rabat. Within a short time a Moroccan Governor will arrive to replace the present Belgian Administrator. The different diplomatic missions to the court of Morocco, many now elevated to Embassies, are now at Rabat. The Moroccans talk of a special status for Tangier along the present lines or making it a free port. Meanwhile, because of the influx from the south zone to take advantage of the exchanges and prices, permits now have to be obtained to move from one zone to the other. Tangier residents are excepted. These permits are of course issued now by the Moroccans. The old frontiers between the zones have also been kept for the present for customs purposes.

Inevitably the illiterate natives' attitude towards Europeans is cheeky and difficult. Every trade is organising trade unions and there have been strikes for higher wages. There is also a lot of unemployment all over Morocco because of the closing of many factories and sale of farms. The majority of Moroccans want to get rid of the last vestiges of European influence, but their head men realise the necessity of allowing Europeans to remain at their posts until their own people can be trained. Also they have yet to negotiate the future of the U.S. air bases with the Americans. The wave of nationalism that has swept Morocco during the last five years has united both the Berbers and Arabs under the Sultan more than at any previous time. The three political parties are working together and their chiefs, among them Allal El Fassi, returned from exile in Cairo, all profess fervent homage to Mahammed V. The Moroccan authorities are facing the future with level heads. It remains to be seen if they make enough success of it to attract European trade and investments and become a strong link between the East and West.

Tangier.

M. BULL

TURNING POINT IN CHINA?

THE third session of the National People's Congress in June may well prove a turning point in the development of Communism in China. It should be remembered that the 1,045 members are hand-picked. In the lowest grade of People's Congresses, for groups of villages and small towns, a prepared list of candidates is elected not by ballot but by show of hands. These congresses choose from their own members those for the *hsien* or county congresses, the same method being used for the election of provincial congresses, and thence for the N.P.C. That by this means the Government had ensured a parliament of yes-men seemed clear from the undiluted chorus of praise from the N.P.C. sessions in 1954 and '55. But the hallmark of the third was undiluted criticism. No fewer than 176 motions of complaint were moved, covering agriculture, industry and the need of freedom of thought and discussion. Even more remarkable was the conciliatory tone of Ministers in admitting grounds for complaint and promising redress.

It may be of interest to review briefly the steps by which, since the Communist Government was formally installed by the nominated Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference in October, 1949, such omnipotence extending to the humblest coolie as China had never known, has been concentrated in a handful of men at the top. For the first three years the Communists were busy completing the division of landlords' estates among the peasants—on an average half an acre per family, though as little as a fifth in the densely populated South; crushing reactionaries and Nationalist "bandits" (2,000,000 are admitted by Peking to have been slaughtered); in the famous "five anti's" campaign ("anti" tax evasion, cheating the Government, etc.) to bring the business community to heel and extract money from it; the humiliating "brain-washing" of the intellectuals, among them men of world-wide reputation, to cleanse them of bourgeois heresies; and filling the country with hundreds of thousands of cadres to enforce the Communist Party line. Other semi-official organizations charged with the same good work are the All-China Democratic Women's

Federation which claims the incredible membership of 76 million women; the highly disciplined New Democratic Youth League working chiefly in the country; the Young Activists in industry and commerce; and even an organization of children from nine to fourteen years old, the Young Pioneers. The hateful sight of little monsters denouncing their parents as reactionaries is freely reported in the Communist papers which hold up the perpetrators for general admiration. Yet another device to check conspiracy and encourage espionage among ordinary citizens was the formation in all towns of residents' groups, each containing about thirty households under a chairman whose duty it was to know the conditions of each family, its friends, finances, thought, and to keep the police informed. It is easily imagined how each family for sheer self-protection would spy upon its neighbours to curry favour with the chairman.

By 1953 the Communist Party evidently felt secure enough to show its hand; and in the autumn a conference of all the chief industrialists and merchants was called in Peking to hear the Party's "new general line." The State's policy for private enterprise and capital was "to use it, control it and eventually abolish it." For some time already the State had taken command of the chief industries and extended its hold on others by joint State-private enterprise concerns, in which the owners worked for the State but were allowed a share of the profits. But this was the first time that the State had plainly disclosed its intention to own and manage every form of industry and commerce, retail as well as wholesale even down to the tiny village shop and the pedlar's pack. For the first time, too, the peasants were told that the agricultural co-operative groups in process of formation were the necessary prelude to the collectivization of all agriculture. In this process there are three stages. First comes the formation of mutual aid teams; labour is shared but the peasant remains owner of his land and cattle. Next, the semi-socialist co-operative in which land is pooled but the peasant still owns his cattle and tools. Lastly the full fledged Agricultural Producer Co-operative in which, except for a bit of ground allowed to each member for vegetable garden, all land, labour, beasts and implements are held in common and the profits of the whole A.P.C. are paid out in dividends, after taxation, expenses and money put to reserves have been covered. It will be realized that the transition from A.P.C.'s to total collectivisation of agriculture will be hardly more than a formality.

It has to be said that the Chinese Communists have been more cautious in their approach to the peasants than their Russian exemplars. There has been none of Stalin's ferocious bludgeoning; theoretically at least the principle of voluntariness on the peasant's part is, or was to be, observed. But no one acquainted with the peasant's individualism and his devotion to his land need be told how he resented the prospect of being robbed of the little farm so lately given him, his buffalo if he had one, his farming tools, and himself reduced to become a serf of the remote State, his only connexion with which was through the rural cadres whose sole qualification to boss him was a smattering of Marxist dogma, whose arrogance made him boil, whose ignorance of farming reduced him to bitter mockery.

In the north, where the Communists have been longest in control and population is least dense, the "co-ops" appear to have been most easily installed. But elsewhere trouble quickly sprang up: this is not rumour but the

evidence of many articles in Peking papers and of three directives issued by the State Council in 1954 ordering the rural cadres—it is never the C.P. policy which is at fault but always its local agents—to mend their ways and in matters of cultivation to “learn humbly from the farmer.” Special anxiety was caused by the enormous slaughter of cattle due to the meagre prices paid by the co-op. and the deaths through neglect of many beasts which it was no longer anyone’s business to care for. Another trouble was that many poor peasants sold their land to the rich peasants and drifted to the towns, thus striking at the fundamental socialist doctrine of equality. By the beginning of 1955 the situation was so serious that the State Council issued an order to the farmers that that year they must produce 10,000,000 more tons of grain, 225,000 tons more cotton, and correspondingly more livestock, oil seeds, hemp and tobacco. China’s tremendous concentration on heavy industry has enormously increased the burden on the farmers whose labour still has to pay for all the machinery bought from Russia, the feeding of the increased number of industrial workers now estimated at 100 million; and with all this 50,000,000 peasants have been turned from growing food to cash crops. It is hardly surprising that agricultural production has lagged far behind the rise in industrial output. Enlarging on the State Council’s edict the official *People’s Daily* told the rural cadres that unless they can speed up the formation of the co-ops by making the peasant understand how much better off he will be in them, the whole movement may collapse and “food production will be unable to meet the people’s needs for a considerable time.”

We do not know what wrangling in high quarters lay behind the State Council order in March, 1955, that no more co-ops must be formed until the 6,500 then existing had been brought to full efficiency. But in his famous edict in July Mao Tse-tung compared the doubters who wished to abandon the formation of co-ops to “an old woman tottering along on her bound feet, afraid of the dragon in front and the tiger behind.” The co-ops, he ordered, must be doubled by Dec. 31st. When father says turn we all turn. By the required date there were not 1,300,000 co-ops but 1,900,000. And by last May Liao Lu-yen, Minister of Agriculture, announced that ninety per cent of all peasant households had been enrolled in co-operative groups. This tremendous “Upsurge of Socialism in the Countryside” (title of a book extolling the triumph of Mao’s order, published in Peking last December) evidently determined the Executive Committee to do likewise in respect of industry and business, the whole of which it was announced in January must be Stateified (if the word may be allowed) at once: to simplify the process, not individual businesses one by one, but the whole of each industry or trade, shops included, would be taken over *en masse*. Peking papers followed with absurd descriptions of everybody’s joy in having his business snuffed out by the State. Parades were held in Peking and other cities to demonstrate the public delight, and interviews were published with shopkeepers who declared that the change would save them from ruin. But reflection on the vast practical complications of executing the C.E.C.’s decision acted like a cold douche and another order was issued that firms and shops must carry on as they were for another six months.

The above survey shows the enormous machinery built up by the Government to monopolize power (it is doubtful whether all the bureaucracies of the former dynasties would equal that of the Communists, not counting the

police and a standing army of at least two millions) and how they have used it. For the resistance they have excited we come to the voices raised in the N.P.C. last June. Most of the members had travelled to Peking, some from very far away, and what they knew of their own districts was reinforced by others through which they passed. Lack of consumer goods (textiles and household requisites), due to the neglect of light industry while all the pressure is devoted to heavy products, is universal. There is wide discontent over the State monopoly of the purchase and distribution of grain introduced two years ago; no one knows how much he will be left with. Dividends paid by co-ops are far below what was promised, and parents are keeping away their children from school (in China, unequalled for its passion for education) in order to help keep the pot boiling. The managers of the co-ops waste large sums on extravagant buildings, unnecessary roads and sports grounds. An inquiry into how State loans are spent had been ordered by the Government before the N.P.C. met.

The grievances of businessmen were elaborated at a conference of 200 of them called in Peking after the N.P.C. session by the Government. Chief of them were that manufacturers, instead of being free to buy what and where they please, must obtain all raw materials from the State, which results in long delays, bad materials and shoddy manufactures; that the advice of experienced managers is brushed aside by Marxist bureaucrats; that the same ignorant bureaucrats are put in charge of foreign trade with resultant losses; that private shareholders in State-private-enterprises do not get their fair dividends, and never until after long delays. Without hesitation Vice-Premier Chen Yun promised all-round redress. That the Party's policy could be at fault was of course inadmissible. But, he said, "China had reached a stage where a free market could to some extent develop within the framework of replanned economy"; the Government, he added, had already been devising "new and more satisfactory methods" to that end.

For the peasant co-operatives Liao Lu-yen, the agricultural Minister, presented to the N.P.C. an entirely new set of regulations to meet popular discontent, the essential point of which is that peasants must not be baulked of their expectation of larger incomes, and that if a co-op's total revenue falls off owing to floods, drought, etc., the peasants' incomes must be the first charge before anything is put to reserves. It is also admitted by the State Council that the wages in factories, mines, etc., did not in 1954 and '55 keep pace with increased productivity, and the wages of the 18,510,000 workers are to be increased on an average 14.5 per cent., retrospectively from April 1st. Piece-rate payment is to be encouraged instead of the promotion of "Stakhanovites," whose arrogance and bullying are resented by the trade unions.

Last, but certainly not least, a new call is made for the services of scientists and intellectuals. Most of the former were trained in Britain or America, the intellectuals either abroad or under foreign teachers. Despised by the Marxists for their "bourgeois ideology" they have been pushed on one side; if taken into a Government department they were set to the most ignominious duties; many were reduced to beggary. So far back as last February the Central Executive Committee proclaimed that the intellectuals represented capital which China could not afford to lose and they must be reinstated. Now the Academy of Science is to enrol seven times the number of its

members in 1955, and is to appoint a committee of 400 specialists to study scientific practices in all foreign countries. (Hitherto Russian methods have been exclusively followed.) Concurrently the official *People's Daily* has been publishing articles and letters advocating free discussion on science, art and education which a little time ago would have brought the writers to the block. It is only a year since the well-known Communist writer Hu Feng was arraigned as a deviationist for advocating such freedom, purged of all his offices, expelled from the N.P.C., and when last heard of was to be tried as an agent of Chiang Kai-Shek and the imperialists.

Such striking changes can have only one explanation—namely that the Communists are obliged to make them. Their whole aim is to make China a great Power and they have gone some way towards it already. China occupies a position internationally unknown since the reign of the early Manchus. But for complete success the Communists must have the people on their side. The wisest Emperors, even that born autocrat the Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi, never disregarded the strength of public opinion. But it is remarkable that the Chinese people, so regimented and muzzled as they have been in the past seven years, should be able to tell the Communists so firmly that they must drive with a lighter rein. The *Far Eastern Economic Review*, of Hongkong, hitherto the sharpest critic of the Communist regime, says in its issue of June 28th:—

There has been a great change in the political atmosphere of China and all who have witnessed this transformation call it a kind of relaxation. Fear and terror are giving way to an entirely new sense of security. . . . China begins to walk at her own gait and with her own mind.

Perhaps the future will be decided by the 400 millions of the "blue-gowned." The peasants have enabled Mao Tse-tung to make one revolution; they may force him to make another—in the Chinese mould.

O. M. GREEN

GERMAN MILITARISM

ELeven years after the most disastrous defeat in its history, a defeat which brought about its own dissolution, the German Army has become once again a topical and urgent problem. "What is Militarism?" may seem a naive question for the historians of a country which experienced the twelve years of Nazi power to put to themselves; and yet there is a considerable and interesting difference of opinion among German writers. Professor Gerhard Ritter, one of the most distinguished of their number and himself a victim of the Gestapo after the failure of the 20th July plot, has devoted much energy to the development of this theme. His *Staatskunst und Kriegshandwerk*, begun during the war (the first volume was published in 1954), traced the conflict between political and military policy in Prussia up to the age of Bismarck and Moltke, and is based on a definition of Militarism regarded by many of his critics as inadequate: "the problem of Militarism is but the search for the right relationship between *Staatskunst* (*Raison d'état*) and *Kriegshandwerk* (the instrument of war). Militarism is an exaggeration and overvaluation of things military in which this relationship becomes an unhealthy one. Militarism is to be found where the warlike aspects of political conflict are over-emphasized or where the technical necessities of strategy, real or supposed, win the upper hand over rational political calculation."

For Ritter the exponent of this healthy relationship between *Staatskunst* and *Kriegshandwerk* was the—to Anglo-Saxon ears—arch-militarist Clausewitz with his famous dictum, “War is but the continuation of politics by other means.” This statement was, in Ritter’s opinion, unlike much of the teaching which the great philosopher-strategist drew from the contemporary practice of Napoleon, by no means a revolutionary one. Rather it was the accepted maxim of the eighteenth-century monarchies with their “cabinet wars”; and Ritter, like Professor Butterfield, looks back almost with nostalgia to the eighteenth century as the age of limited wars for limited objectives, standing between the religious fury of the seventeenth and the national fury of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. For him the great heretic, the propagator of militaristic nationalism in our time, was Ludendorff, who became virtual Dictator of Germany in the last two years of World War I and published in 1936 his tract on “Total War”. “Politics must serve the purposes of Strategy,” or even—the exact reversal of the dictum of Clausewitz—“A healthy politics is the continuation of War in peacetime with other means.” Ritter contrasts the cautious political wisdom of Metternich in 1813 with the behaviour of Gneisenau “descending on Paris like the Avenging Angel” and of the Prussian patriots, Fichte’s rhetoric ringing in their ears, convinced they were executing Divine Justice. The strained relations between military and political leadership which then arose were paralleled sixty years later in the Franco-Prussian war. Moltke, the pure strategist, demands nothing less than the total destruction of the enemy’s fighting power, while Bismarck, the European statesman, must think in terms of that highly intricate *Staatsystem* in whose preservation Germany was at least as vitally interested as the other powers.

Ritter, then, would regard the relationship between political and military authority to be found in the Franco-Prussian and still more in the Austro-Prussian war as the ideal. With the revaluation of Bismarck which has begun in Anglo-Saxon countries—where perhaps the great Prussian now enjoys higher prestige than in his own—we may well admit that the Bismarck of history bears little resemblance to the Man of Blood and Iron who was, until recently, presented to both the Anglo-Saxon and German publics. But it is when Ritter extends his thesis to the father of Frederick the Great, the Soldier-King of Prussia who introduced uniform as court dress and spent the carefully husbanded resources of his tiny state on his one luxury—the buying of outsize grenadiers for his Guards from neighbouring princes—that the reader wonders whether a too narrow definition of militarism has not been chosen. It is true that the Soldier-King was extremely reluctant to indulge in warlike adventures, fearful perhaps for the lives of his precious grenadiers. But it was he who so organized the economic and social life of Prussia that Mirabeau could make his famous jest later in the century; that Prussia was not so much a state possessing an army as an army possessing a state. This “Militarism”—if such, *pace* Ritter, we may call it—accounts for much in later German history. Already in the seventeen-fifties Winckelmann shakes the dust of Prussia from his feet to rediscover what he supposes to be the glories of Classical Greece; Goethe and Schiller in Weimar do not even regard Potsdam with that secret admiration which the Athenians may have felt for Sparta; not until Fichte, Kleist, and Hegel does the glorification of the Prussian Spirit begin. The brilliant military successes which accompany

the founding of the Bismarckian Reich led to an extension of this military organization of society to the rest of Germany; a society wittily parodied, for example, in Karl Zuckmayer's *Der Hauptmann von Köpenick*.

That Wilhelmine Germany was in this sense a "militaristic" society can scarcely be denied; but while such an organization of society is strange and even repugnant to the Anglo-Saxon mind, it may be asked how far were other European land-states—Austria for example—organized socially on a very similar pattern. More important, can this sense of the word "Militarism" be related to that given to it by Ritter? Is, in fact, a society whose *Vorbild* is the Army and the military way of life necessarily aggressive in its foreign policy? Does it lead, in international affairs, to that state of permanent and total war, a Darwinian *Existenzkampf* on the human plane, which finds its horrifying justification in Ludendorff's theories and the propaganda and practice of Goebbels and Hitler? Although Prussia was dubbed "the pike in the fishpond" of the European *Staatsystem* it would be hard to maintain that between the Ages of Frederick the Great and Bismarck Prussia showed much aggressive spirit. She took part with Russia and Austria in the partitions of Poland and with the Allies against revolutionary France; but the policy of Frederick William III was notorious for its timidity in the face of Napoleon, and it was General York who, by his insubordination, compelled the King to join the Allies. Similarly it was Britain who forced Prussia to annex the Rhine provinces; and during the whole period of the Holy Alliance Prussia's policy was more cautious and conservative than that of Metternich himself. As late as 1851 the King preferred to accept the Austrian snub at Olmütz rather than challenge the leadership of Germany. Bismarck, it is true, came to power with his promise to preserve the monarchical and military supremacy in Prussia and found in the Danish war a convenient way out of internal difficulties. Yet neither then nor later could it be said that "militarism" had *determined* the policies he so successfully carried through. With the years preceding the first World War the argument becomes more plausible. Yet the undeniable folly of German policy in those years must be blamed on the political immaturity of the new Reich. The Naval policy, fruit of the Kaiser's vanity and the needs of Big Business, is to be condemned precisely because of the lack of clear political purpose or control. The famous Schlieffen plan for the swift destruction of the French Army by a blow through neutral Belgium may have been militarily questionable—indeed there was something of imitative magic about it—but it is to be condemned on political grounds. It appears that the political implications of such an infringement of neutrality had not been considered. Yet the blame for this must lie not with the planners of the General Staff but with the Foreign Office which neglected its duty; and Ritter has proved that Bülow knew of the Schlieffen plan in 1905 despite his subsequent denials. What a light these denials throw on the political condition of the Second Reich! The most that can be said against the military leaders is that they gave such prominence to technical considerations of mobilization—above all the timing—yet here again it was for the political leadership to impose its overall authority. The subsequent developments are well known; the Kaiser soon wearied of the position of supreme War-Lord in a real war, and Bethmann-Hollweg, the liberal-minded Chancellor, allowed decision and initiative to drift into the hands of the High Command. This drift proved disastrous, for compromise is impossible for a

state whose foreign policy is identical with its military strategy. The unrestricted submarine warfare, designed to knock Britain out of the war, brought America into it and tipped the balance against Germany. Ludendorff refused to consider negotiation while Germany was still strong and appealed hysterically for an armistice when the army started to crack in September, 1918. Could anything better illustrate that disturbance of the "healthy relationship between the military and the political"—so disastrous for Germany—of which Ritter speaks?

The defeat of Germany swept away the Hohenzollern monarchy and with it the Great General Staff. The Allies, impressed perhaps by the aura of mystery and glamour surrounding this institution in the Second Reich and no doubt regarding it as the hearth of Aggressive Militarism, had insisted on its abolition. In fact, under von Seeckt, it continued to exist in a more or less camouflaged form and, together with the so-called *Black Reichswehr* and the secret agreement with the Red Army, caused the Allies considerable anxiety. Looking back now and despite the attention given to these (admittedly illegal) activities by recent Anglo-Saxon writers there can be no doubt that the anxiety was misplaced. The *new form* of "Militarism"—though not in Ritter's sense—was indeed unforeseen alike by the Allies and most educated Germans. The *Weltanschauung* of the Kaiser's Quartermaster General, appropriated by the former corporal of the Great War, was finding new adherents precisely where least expected, among those masses hitherto regarded as "nationally unreliable." Within a few years this new mass movement had driven into opposition those whom Mr. A. J. P. Taylor calls the "Bismarckians," including many who might be reckoned among the chief beneficiaries of a "militarist" revolution; among them the successor of Ludendorff and last real head of the old General Staff—General Ludwig Beck.

We now possess a collection of Beck's military studies, edited by General Hans Speidel, Rommel's Chief of Staff, also a victim of the Gestapo after the 20th July, and now chief German representative at NATO Headquarters. Beck is already well known as the leader—with Karl Goerdeler—of the Anti-Nazi opposition inside Germany during the war; a man, all witnesses agree, of the highest integrity, courage, and intellectual power. Slight, somewhat stern in appearance, taciturn, expecting as much of himself as of others, he is an embodiment of the Prussian motto *mehr sein als scheinen*. His personality is reminiscent of the great Moltke; more a scholar than a soldier to the public eye, modest, with the clear, precise style of the Moltke school and that receptiveness to new experience that Clausewitz had demanded of the military leader. That such a man would find the character and methods of Adolf Hitler unacceptable need not be emphasized; it was a feeling reciprocated by the Führer who had once shared with the Allies certain *idées fixes* about Prussian Generals. To him, the little Austrian corporal, they had been terrible, godlike figures; he expected to have to keep these bloodhounds on a short lead and was genuinely surprised to find that he had to drag them behind him into his warlike adventures. It is well known that Beck, incensed at the frivolous approach to international politics and to the use of the military force he had himself helped to build up, urged a combined *démarche* of the *Generalität* and, having failed in this, resigned his post rather than take part in planning the assault on Czechoslovakia. His subsequent activity in opposition circles, where he was recognized not only by the soldiers

as the spiritual leader of Anti-Nazism, and his tireless work in bringing together resistors of very differing opinions, is becoming known as the literature on the German Resistance increases. Himself convinced that an oath taken to such a man as Hitler could not be considered morally binding, he approved Stauffenberg's plan for an attempt on Hitler's life, and was present in the Bendlerstrasse in that last, hopeless struggle to wrest control from the Nazis and save Germany from the fate she had prepared for herself.

Much is now known of the German Resistance and justice is being tardily done to a very remarkable group of men and women, for whom the "enemy" was not to be found abroad, but in the ranks of their own nation. Little attention has, however, been paid to the varied motives or to the historical and social context from which resistance could spring. These essays of Beck's, impersonal as they are, contain the moral and intellectual justification for his opposition to Hitler from 1938-1944; they are at once philosophic reflection and personal confession. The very titles read like a professional soldier's confirmation of the theses of Gerhard Ritter. The essay, "Did Germany possess a War policy in 1914?" is a frank and devastating criticism of that lack of political guidance which was discussed above; the essay "29th September, 1918" portrays from personal observation the hysteria at High Command on that fateful day—the fruit of four years of political neglect. Much in these essays has the classical ring of his forebears, Clausewitz and Moltke; the essays on "Strategy" and "Leadership in war" are a silent, shattering criticism of Hitler as *Oberster Kriegsherr*. But the most interesting essays show the lessons which Beck drew from the experience of the first World War, and these were not primarily military—it is arguable, though Manstein defends Beck against Guderian's attacks, that he failed to see the significance of Panzer warfare—but political. In "Germany in a coming war" he drops the significant remark, "not in vain does history tell of wars which were lost before they had begun. The reasons were always political"; and, "Germany can only win a war militarily, but she can lose it in many ways." Above all he demands that strict subordination of the military to the political, and that degree of moral responsibility in the statesman, which Ritter sees as the ideal. Most clearly is this apparent in the essay on "Total War" which amounts to an unconditional rejection of Ludendorff's thesis; implicitly (it was delivered as a lecture in 1942) it is a rejection of Nazism, whose inner nihilism was to become visible to all with Goebbels' proclamation of Total War after the fall of Stalingrad. "Such a 'Total' policy," he remarks, "may enable one to win a war but not to win the peace after it," and "such a war has the counter-effect of dictating a policy to the other side, which must lead logically to a similar extreme." What an irony of history that it was the unconditional surrender policy of the Anglo-Saxon liberal Roosevelt—with its deliberate subordination of the political to the military—which, combined with the propaganda of Goebbels, gave the world its first spectacle of a total war fought to its ghastly finish!

This last essay is surely of great military significance. Not only in that it seeks a return to the classical teaching of Clausewitz on the relation between political and military matters, but because it resembles a bridge built from the world of military thought to the historical reflections of a man like Gerhard Ritter. It represents the conscious rejection by an eminent German military thinker of the presumptuous claims of the school of Ludendorff; its publica-

tion by the new leader of the German Army is a welcome sign. But indeed the time when we identified soldiers with militarists is past, and if there were danger of "militarism" in present-day Germany it would have to be looked for, as under Weimar, in other directions. No better proof of this can be found than in the tragedy of Beck's own life and career. How strange a paradox that a soldier, in order to bring about a state of affairs in which strategy shall be subordinated to responsible statesmanship, is compelled to make use of the apparatus of a military *putsch* against the government of his country! Beck's situation was unique in Prussian-German history; yet while it contradicts the thesis of Ritter, it does so in such strange and paradoxical a way that it may well be called the exception that proves the rule. But the direction of Ritter's thought and that of Beck point unambiguously to the one thing needful—a satisfactory political solution in Germany. Whether this can be achieved is as much our concern as that of the Germans themselves. Let us hope that the sacrifice of the millions who suffered through political folly and the sacrifice of the few who tried to redeem it may lead to an epoch of comparative sanity between the nations.

JOHN MANDER

VICTORIAN MEMORIES

XII. THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

THE South African war brought me my first taste of journalism. A group of young Oxford Liberals, all of whom were to make their name, assumed control of the *Speaker*, a Liberal weekly. Its editor J. L. Hammond, later our leading social historian, had derived his principles from Fox and Gladstone. To him and his colleagues the conflict represented the domination of some of the least desirable elements in our national life. His principal comrade was Francis Hirst, subsequently editor of the *Economist*, formerly his collaborator in the well-known *Essays in Liberalism* which also contained contributions from Gilbert Murray, Hilaire Belloc and John Simon. Though the ship was thus mainly manned by an Oxford crew, it carried cargo supplied by other hands such as Chesterton, Hobson and Clutton-Brock. My contributions were reviews. When the worst of the Imperialist tornado was over Hammond exchanged journalism for historical research, but his spirited campaign contributed to the Liberal triumph of 1906.

I took a deeper plunge into journalism when the *Echo* came into the market. Under Passmore Edwards it had enjoyed a wide circulation as a Liberal organ, but there were too many evening papers in London and it was now on the down grade. The Liberal case, however, was so inadequately represented in the Press that the paper was purchased by my old Eton and Trinity friend Lawrence, who added the name of Pethick after his marriage, then at the beginning of a distinguished career. He was prospective Unionist candidate for a London borough when the war drove him into the opposite camp. He invited me to help in the enterprise, and I contributed occasional leaders, interviews and reviews. Though the war dominated everything, the *Echo* stood for a more advanced social programme than was usual at that time. When it changed hands we invited and obtained the blessings of many leading opponents of the fashionable Imperialism, among them the octogenarian Herbert Spencer, who, however, deplored any departure from the *laissez-faire* doctrines of his youth. The chief leader-writers were Hammond

and Percy Alden, the former specializing in foreign and colonial affairs, the latter a recognised authority on social reform. Lawrence was bursting with energy, but not even he could save a moribund journal with an unpopular policy.

Though the Unionists possessed a large majority and the Septennial Act was still in operation, they suddenly dissolved Parliament in September, 1900. Proclaiming that the struggle was nearly over, they asked for a mandate to finish the job. It was Chamberlain's election, and he campaigned with the raucous slogan that every vote for a Liberal was a vote for the Boers. A born fighter, like Lloyd George and Churchill, " Joe " always fought with the gloves off. The result of what was called the khaki election was never in doubt, and the Government was returned in undiminished strength. I had addressed meetings for the Eighty Club, a Liberal organisation dating from the victory in 1880, but I had my first experience of electioneering at Lincoln, where Charles Roberts, temperance reformer and later Under-Secretary for India, was the candidate. The first intoxication of the war was over, and we received a fair hearing. In spite of their deplorable divisions Liberals lost no further ground, and we knew our time would come.

During the war years I learned to know nearly all the active opponents of the Government policy. It was a special privilege to meet John Morley, with whom I had a bond of union in our affection for Lord Acton. He was immersed in his biography of Gladstone and for a time his voice was seldom heard in Parliament. His rare appearances were an event, and he never slackened in his denunciations of " uncompensated mischief and irreparable wrong." I was soon to renew acquaintance in the House of Commons, but it was not till some years later after his retirement from active politics that I became an intimate friend. Lloyd George, on the other hand, whose acquaintance I also made in those stormy days, was a fiery crusader, for in " the Welsh wizard " the native hue of resolution was never sickled o'er by the pale cast of thought. Though he had been in Parliament for nine years, it was only during the South African struggle that he became a national figure. His passionate love for " the little land among the hills " helped him to understand the nationalism of the Boers and their devotion to their own way of life. While most of the Pro-Boer leaders—Campbell-Bannerman, Harcourt, Morley, Ripon, Spencer, Bryce—were veterans of the Liberal army, Lloyd George represented youth with its punch and scorn of compromise. Massingham compared him to the leading character in a well-constructed play coming on the stage at the psychological moment. He was the great discovery of the Liberals at the end of the 'nineties, as Balfour had been acclaimed by the Conservatives at the end of the 'eighties. Having worked his way up from the bottom of the social ladder the penniless orphan had brought with him an abiding sympathy with the poor. Now it became clear to friend and foe that he would go far and perhaps fill the post of radical leader vacated by Chamberlain's secession over Home Rule.

Among the younger standard-bearers in the Pro-Boer army was Ramsay MacDonald. At an early period of the war I climbed the stairs to his flat in Lincoln's Inn Fields and found a friendly welcome. Margaret MacDonald was scarcely less of a personality, but she was cast in a very different mould. It was a perfect partnership, to which the bereaved husband was later to pay touching tribute in two books, one for the general reader, the other, privately

printed, for intimate friends. She possessed sufficient means to enable them to live in modest comfort and to travel; and she introduced him into the world of scientists in which her father, Stephen Gladstone, the friend of Faraday, and her uncle Lord Kelvin were shining lights. He loved literature and the arts and was a diligent student of economics and sociology. No one at that time except himself foresaw his rise to the Premiership, but we all felt his power. With his rich Highland voice he was already one of the most moving speakers of the time, and he wrote almost as well as he spoke. The At Homes at Lincoln's Inn Fields described in Lord Elton's biography and other books were a meeting place for Pro-Boers only second to that of the Courtneys in Cheyne Walk. Margaret MacDonald combined the radiance of a happy child with the thoughtful tenderness of mature womanhood. No one cared less for the pomps and vanities of the world, and she was one of the few whom high place could never have spoiled. She was full of "good works," interesting herself in politics mainly as an instrument of social betterment. Among her numerous activities was her campaign against the employment of girls in public houses, which she believed to be detrimental to their health and potentially dangerous to their morals. For many years she was one of the leading spirits in the Women's Industrial Council which sought to promote the welfare of women in industry. Few women I have known were so deeply mourned.

The South African war lasted far longer than anyone anticipated. The initial failures of our troops were quickly retrieved when Roberts and Kitchener arrived at the opening of 1900 and overwhelming forces were hurried to the front. Yet for two years after the tide turned the Boers fought on doggedly, not for victory but for honour. The guerilla warfare imposed upon them by the paucity of their numbers and the vastness of the terrain frayed the nerves of the British authorities and led to the employment of methods of which systematic farm-burning was the worst. Such measures merely steeled the resolution of the commandos in the field. When it was proclaimed in the summer of 1901 that leaders who had not surrendered by a certain date would be banished for life, it was clear that the Government had lost its poise. For Milner, convinced as he was of "the eternal duplicity of the Boers," the only terms were unconditional surrender; but as the conflict dragged on the sterling qualities of our foes and their Generals, Botha and Smuts, Delarey and De Wet, began to be realised. Kruger had fled to Europe on the capture of Pretoria, and the men under arms were determined to hold out till they could yield without humiliation. In a celebrated speech at Chesterfield Rosebery, sometimes described as "the Orator of Empire," suggested a meeting "at some wayside inn."

Kitchener entertained a steadily increasing admiration for the enemy, and when the end came in the spring of 1902 it was the soldier who favoured generous terms while the High Commissioner held out for his pound of flesh. The long chapter on the Peace of Vereeniging in the second volume of *The Milner Papers* is filled with shrill denunciations of his colleague. "I don't at all relish the idea of an interview between Kitchener and the Boer delegates. . . . He is fearfully wrongheaded sometimes. . . . Kitchener's policy I think a wholly mistaken one. . . . I distrust all negotiations. . . . My great difficulty is Lord Kitchener. He does not care what he gives away. . . . All he is doing is to paralyse me. . . . I hate all negotiations." Such was

the mentality of the High Commissioner. Happily for South Africa the magnanimity of the Commander-in-Chief prevailed over the die-hard champion of a dictated peace who regarded concessions as a betrayal of the loyalists whose cause he had espoused with passionate devotion. Courtney once spoke of Milner as a lost mind. It would be fairer to say that he was sent to the wrong place. Though he possessed some fine qualities, above all complete personal disinterestedness, and was adored by his kindergarten, he was temperamentally unfitted to deal with a proud race that could be broken but never bent. Even his old friend Haldane, the stoutest of his supporters among the Liberal Imperialists, conceded many years later that he was not the best man to handle the situation in South Africa.

While the Liberal supporters of the war, captained by Rosebery and his three lieutenants, Asquith, Grey and Haldane, drifted away from the main body of the party and formed the short-lived Liberal League, the struggle had stirred the easy-going Campbell-Bannerman to the depths and his utterances became increasingly critical. The two sections of the party were engaged in what F. C. Gould, the inspired caricaturist of the *Westminster Gazette*, wittily described as war to the knife and fork. The climax was reached at a public dinner in which the Liberal Leader denounced some recent coercive measures as "methods of barbarism," and Morley claimed that he and his associates were "in the main stream of Liberalism." I still think of that dinner as perhaps the most memorable I have attended. We were certainly not carried away by oratory, for Campbell-Bannerman and Harcourt read their speeches, and Morley was at all times more impressive than eloquent. All three, however, let themselves go, giving rein to their detestation of a policy and a spirit which they regarded as unworthy of our best traditions.

No aspect of the struggle aroused such feeling as the concentration camps in which Boer families were herded when their homes were destroyed. The military technique of winning the war by devastating the *terrain* and burning farms necessitated some provision for the women and children, but the camps proved death-traps for the young. That there was deliberate cruelty or callousness was never suggested, but ignorance and carelessness were scarcely less lethal. It was the achievement of Emily Hobhouse, sister of the Professor, to reveal the alarming conditions and thereby to secure their amelioration. That she was denounced as an enemy of her country for saving thousands of innocent lives was a striking illustration of war hysteria. She told the story in *The Brunt of the War*, and it is summarised in her biography by Ruth Fry. Her health never recovered from the strain, but her name is linked with that of C.-B. in the grateful memory of the losing side. It is one of the ironies of history that two of the persons most vehemently attacked by their countrymen were those who did most to reconcile our foes to their new life within the Empire. When the struggle was over she returned to South Africa and aided recovery by establishing domestic industries. The gratitude of the Boers took practical shape in the presentation of a sum with which to buy a house. She was the Florence Nightingale of the Boer War, though she ministered not to wounded soldiers but to women and children in distress.

My views on the war were shared by most of the young Liberal recruits no less than by the Gladstonian veterans. Among my intimate friends at the turn of the century was Charles Masterman, whose meteoric career may be

studied in the biography by his wife. We were the same age and had met at Cambridge where he had studied science, but it was not till we were both busy with social work in London that we were thrown together. The "model dwelling" in the East End in which he first pitched his camp proved to be verminous and required fumigation. He was for some time Secretary of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, for he loved children, and it was always a happy moment when he saw batches of them off at the station. He was a radiant figure in those days—slim, refined, ascetic, a brilliant talker and writer, a practical idealist. He was one of the standard-bearers in the Christian Social Union, an intimate friend of Bishop Gore and Canon Scott Holland, a frequent contributor to *The Commonwealth* into which the latter distilled his rich personality every month. Like his leaders Masterman was a High Church Radical, finding in the New Testament the mandate for far-reaching social reform. His experiences and reflections were set forth with compelling eloquence in his little book *From the Abyss*, in a collection of essays entitled *In Peril of Change*, and later in his comprehensive survey *The Condition of England*.

Masterman was always talking of the "condition of the people question," and he was far more anxious to raise their standard than to enlarge the Empire. At the height of the war he planned a volume of essays to be written by a group of young Liberals. The problem of the title was happily solved by George Trevelyan, who suggested *The Heart of the Empire*. Masterman provided the Preface and opened with a comprehensive survey entitled *Realities at Home*. Lawrence followed on Housing, Bray (the editor's comrade in the "model dwelling") on the Children of the Town, Noel Buxton on Temperance Reform (with inside knowledge of the brewing trade), Philip Wilson, later a Member of Parliament, on The Distribution of Industry, Pigou, soon to succeed Marshall as Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge, on The Problem of Charity, and Head, a Cambridge History don, on The Church and the People. The volume closed with a lengthy study of Imperialism by myself, and a conclusion by George Trevelyan entitled *The Past and the Future*. The book, which was published in 1901 by Fisher Unwin, son-in-law of Richard Cobden and an ardent "Pro-Boer," sold astonishingly well, and a cheap edition appeared in 1902. Perhaps we could claim some modest share in feeding the rills which swelled the Liberal torrent of 1906. Three of our contributors were to become Cabinet Ministers, one an Archbishop, and one to receive the Order of Merit.

"A discussion of Imperialism in theory and practice," wrote the editor in the Preface, "forms a natural pendant to a volume that attempts to deal with the problems that face us at the Heart of the Empire." That seemed natural enough to us but not to some reviewers who denounced me as the black sheep of an otherwise respectable flock. My colleagues were as impenitent as myself, and Masterman held his shield over me in his Preface to the cheap edition. "Adverse criticism has mainly concentrated itself upon regrets that the discussion of the difficult problems of Social Reform should be incorporated with a more or less controversial examination of modern Imperialism. The authors are unable to accept this sharp delimitation of home and foreign affairs. Every day is exhibiting how closely the two problems are intertwined. On deeper examination forces that make for unrest abroad are found to be the same forces that are stifling progress at home. Lack of sympathetic

imagination, materialism and the spirit of mastery: these form the trinity which have to be strenuously fought in both spheres of political activity." I took advantage of the new edition to add a few pages bringing the story of the struggle to the opening of 1902 when the end of the struggle was in sight.

Re-reading my dissertation on Imperialism after an interval of half a century I find my opinions essentially unchanged, though I should naturally express them with greater restraint. On the relation of politics to ethics, on national and racial arrogance, on the glorification of force, on credulity in wartime, I think today as I thought in my youth. In a survey of the dependencies I pleaded for the Ripon touch in India as against Curzon's superiority complex, and I anticipated "the gradual transference of the machinery of administration to native hands, retaining only the supreme direction in our own." At the close of a discussion of the causes and incidents of the South African war I urged the Government to use its brains as well as its guns. "Liberals will continue to believe and assert that the problem before British statesmen is at least as much political as military. The most complete success of the policy of unconditional surrender is better calculated than anything else to leave on our hands an insoluble political problem—the problem of reconciling to our rule one of the toughest and bravest races in the world, smarting under defeat and bound neither by pledges nor by interest to respect a settlement in the formation of which they have had no part."

The Treaty of Vereeniging in May, 1902, marked the abandonment of Milner's short-sighted policy of unconditional surrender. Everyone was sick of the struggle, and it was no longer the test of patriotism to assert that the South African Dutch were a cruel and treacherous race. Yet the process of enlightenment at home had been slow, for war fever had raged with devastating intensity. I was aware of the fortunes of the peace party in the Crimean war, of the popular conviction at that time that the Russians were brutal barbarians, of the naive credulity which suspected the loyalty of the Prince Consort himself. Now I learned from direct experience the spiritual demoralization which war brings in its train, the clouding of the mind, the paralysis of the critical faculties. The enemy became a fearsome monster with horns and hoofs against whose vices and crimes our own shining virtues stood out in bold relief.

There was nothing peculiar to England in these pathological phenomena. Social psychology was in its infancy, though valuable pioneering work had been done in France by Tarde and Le Bon and was soon to be carried further by Graham Wallas' masterpiece *Human Nature in Politics*. It was the distinction of John Hobson—economist, sociologist, journalist—to review the political and economic features of the era of expansion in his classical treatise on Imperialism. He had visited South Africa as a correspondent when the storm was blowing up in the summer of 1899, and on his return I began a friendship of forty years. While the younger generation of today have only known their country as the pillar of peace—which it became after the South African war when we possessed as much of the earth's surface as we desired—those with longer memories recall the time when our territorial appetite was as keen as that of our rivals. All the Great Powers of Europe except the Austrian Empire suffered from the same urge.

The conflict of 1899-1902 was a turning point in my life. Hitherto I had specialized in social questions: henceforth problems of empire and inter-

national relations occupied the foremost place in my thoughts, and the idea of entering public life ceased to be a far-off dream. Having been in contact with men who were making history, I felt myself no longer a mere onlooker but a regular soldier in the Liberal ranks. My party, which had been marking time since the retirement of Gladstone in 1894, had found a fresh inspiration and an inspiring chief. "Imperialism!" exclaimed C.-B.; "I hate the name and I hate the thing." So did I. Looking back half a century later I rejoice that, so far as my country is concerned, it has disappeared. G. P. GOOCH

Concluded

YUGOSLAVIA AND CO-EXISTENCE

OWING to special historical circumstances, Yugoslavia is today the country with probably the greatest direct experience of the value and importance of co-existence as a crucial international principle of our era. When in 1948 a Yugoslav conflict with Stalinism broke out, the cold war was already overshadowing the whole international scene and a sharp division into two hostile blocs was imposed upon nations all over the world. Exposed, on Stalin's order, to fierce pressure and full economic blockade by the Eastern European countries, Yugoslavia had to face a vital dilemma—either to accept isolation, which was equal to slow death, or to find a way of friendly co-existence with the Western world, regardless of the great difference between her own economic and political system and that existing in the Western countries. On the basis of mutual respect and non-interference in internal affairs, Yugoslavia has succeeded in developing gradually friendly ties with the West. As a result, as a sign of appreciation of the role played by Yugoslavia in opposing aggression, the United States, Great Britain and France have proved themselves ready to extend substantial economic and military aid to socialist Yugoslavia. At the same time, Yugoslavia has built up a regional defence pact with two other Balkan countries, Greece and Turkey. The Balkan Pact, comprising three countries with very different systems of government, has proved itself a very valuable instrument of security in the critical period of the last years of Stalin's era. Now the situation has improved to a very large extent and Yugoslavia has resumed normal and even friendly relations with Soviet Russia and almost all other Eastern European countries, due to the fact that they have agreed to respect her independence and full freedom in internal as well as in international relations. But that change was not a reason for Yugoslavia to drop the Balkan Alliance as an obsolete instrument of her policy. Just in order to preserve that Pact in the changing circumstances and to maintain its full importance, Yugoslavia tries now to enlarge and strengthen its basis by promoting all other aspects of co-operation and by encouraging closer economic and cultural ties. It is true, unfortunately, that the Pact is undergoing a period of crisis brought about by tension in Greco-Turkish relations over Cyprus, but we Yugoslavs believe that the lasting interest of the three countries, which are embodied in the Pact, will prevail in the end and that Yugoslav Government is acting with patience and persistence in order to bring her two allies to sit together again on different tripartite commissions. We hope very much to see in the not too distant future a joint Balkan inter-parliamentary assembly at work as was once agreed. At the same time, Yugoslavia is doing her best to preserve and to

develop further her friendly relations with other Western European countries. The recent visits of the Belgian Foreign Minister, Mr. Spaak, and the Norwegian Foreign Minister, Mr. Lange, to Belgrade, as well as President Tito's talks in Paris with the French Government, are the latest expressions of the efforts made in that direction.

Our experience, as well as the vital interests of the country, have made us firm believers in and ardent supporters of the principles of co-existence. It seems to us now that these principles are quickly gaining ground and support all over the world, and we hope that they will supersede the cold war also in the relations of the two main blocs of powers. Nowadays that is not a hope only, it is the single prospect of survival of our civilization. One thing is quite clear: there can be no synthesis of various types of co-operation in the world if we are to continue sealed off in blocs of countries. It needs no analysis to see this. A mere glance at contemporary trends makes it obvious. No purely military international organization, no bloc, has ever been able to outlast the trend towards a rapprochement of outlook between East and West without some revision of its own views regarding both internal and external relations. Of course, we need to take account of realities and the causes giving rise to a number of military pacts. Yet at this juncture that is certainly not the most important thing. What is important is to grasp that international conditions have already so much improved and interests have to such a degree drawn nearer one another that even within the framework of military pacts it is proving feasible gradually to shift the centre of gravity to non-military co-operation. Further, such intra-pact co-operation cannot but further facilitate co-operation between world groups in opposition one to another. That indeed is one of the forms which the development of co-existence does take. In the "peaceful economic rivalry" of which we are also becoming the witnesses, individual countries of course take part according to their individual motives. But, whatever those motives, there is no doubt but that the general result is extremely favourable to international co-operation. This rivalry, to use Eisenhower's words, makes for awareness that economic aid to undeveloped countries is better than the setting up of powerful armed forces, in other words, that it does more than armed forces can to ensure world stability and lasting peace.

The basic fact of co-existence today is that many sided co-operation is now feasible, regardless of the forms with which any such co-operation may start or how it is labelled. After all, no form is bad in itself, it is the substance which is important. If not thoroughly adapted to the requirements of the peoples of the region concerned, so-called regional pacts may make for exacerbation of relations. On the other hand, if they do correspond to aspirations and if they can also be fitted into the general trend of international development, they are capable of proving advantageous both to their members and to the whole of the region concerned. In short, it is no longer possible to restrict the meaning of co-existence to a simplified formula about two worlds with diametrically opposed aims, for in regard to an increasing number of problems the whole world has the same aims. It would therefore scarcely be opportune to explain away co-existence as a mere blurring of the line of demarcation, by the abandonment of the notion of two clearly defined camps and the extension of one of them under the designation: "zone of peace." Though it is true that today the number of countries with a socialist

framework has been greatly extended, and though it is equally true that in both Asia and Africa new countries have arisen which are certainly not going to follow the road of "classical capitalism," it is hard to see why any such group of countries should be marked off as a "zone" by itself. Do not the peoples and the states outside such a "zone" desire peace and co-operation as much as those in the zone? Moreover, are there not in those countries many institutions and trends of development of some importance to the whole world? The truth, after all, is that the ideal condition of co-existence would be that of the consolidation and full implementation of only one zone—that of the United Nations. But while co-existence has to mean the synthesizing of co-operation between groups of countries in various fields and in various forms, one of the most troublesome questions which arises is that of how far such co-operation may go without impinging on the internal integrity of any participant. And what, too, of the export of ideas?

In a world which is steadily being drawn closer together economically, technically and socially, it is difficult to establish ideological *tours d'ivoire*. Increased rapprochement between peoples and states will unquestionably tend to lead to increased identity of views, concepts and traditions in all concerned. That is, however, a stage which is still before us. But for such mutual seminal influences to be advantageous, they need to be natural, and if the process is to be natural, it is essential to affirm co-existence particularly where it offers all parties proofs of equality of rights and abstinence from interference in the affairs of others. This, unquestionably, is in the field of the relations between states. It is from these as starting-point that more than in any other field there is need for the development of inter-state relations, and this without any regard to the many differences which exist between men's views. If those relations are genuinely on a basis of equality, they will prevent the "invasion of alien ideas." The ideas engendered on such a foundation and held in common will prove to be synthesized ideas, very different in many features from those to which today certain states adhere. When in Yugoslavia men speak of *active co-existence*, the term is certainly not understood merely to mean "existence side by side," nor even "peaceful rivalry," in which one or other is bound "to catch up with" and "to overtake" the other. What is understood is "living together"—the maximum of bonds and the closest possible bonds between the peoples on the foundation offered by the co-operation of equal partners.

JURIJ GUSTINCIC

THE ROMANCE OF MYCENAE

ONE glorious spring morning we were driving to Mycenae on the road to Daphni, with its lovely old tenth century church resting snugly and invitingly among the shrubs and pine trees, with the ruins of the monastery cells in the outer courtyard half hidden in the olive trees. We passed the Bay of Eleusis, where the ancient ruins lay strewn on the shores, and thence to the village of Charvati, where the inn used to be called "La Belle Hélène." The innkeeper, whose name was Agamemnon, would on occasion produce the visitors' book, in which was a page dated 1942. He would point to the signatures of Hermann Goering, Heinrich Himmler, and

Goebbels. They had come in the early years of the war to pay tribute to the memory of Heinrich Schliemann, the man who dug up Troy and was the pioneer of excavations in Mycenae. We were in the plain of Argos, half way up the hill to Homer's Mycenae, rich in gold. What could be more romantic than such a setting? Before we made our way to the citadel, which is only a mile away, we visited the famous Beehive Tomb or Treasury of Atreus. It is hollowed out of the hillside forming a great stone gateway. Over the top of it is a lintel made of blocks of limestone weighing 120 tons. The inside is lofty and cool and looks like a very large beehive, made of blocks which curve and meet in the centre of the roof. This and other similar tombs, most of which have now fallen to pieces, were thought to be the treasures where the kings of Mycenae kept their wealth, but it has now been discovered that they were the tombs of kings.

We returned to the inn and went up the hill to the citadel. The sky was a radiant blue with the sun pouring down on the slopes, as we clambered over the huge blocks of fallen rocks to the Lion Gate at the entrance. Above the big square portal are two rampant lions, now headless, but still magnificent, supporting a central column. Just beyond the gate is the "tomb of Agamemnon." The grim tragedy of Agamemnon's home-coming after the conquest of Troy is thrust upon us. With him comes Cassandra, King Priam's daughter, as his prisoner. She has warned him in vain of the fate which awaits him in Mycenae, but he goes straight to his death, brutally murdered by his wife Clytemnestra and her lover Aegisthos, in revenge for the sacrifice of her daughter Iphigenia which had been made in exchange for fair winds to Troy. A circle of stone slabs, standing several feet high, surrounds the square openings to the shafts. These are the graves discovered by Schliemann nearly eighty years ago. The site was covered with grass and spring flowers. The ascent beyond the tomb over low walls is very steep and laborious. We passed a huge cistern 20 feet deep, from which the Mycenaean troops must have drawn water, and climbing higher still we came to the site of the palace itself. Only a few walls remain, for the rest have fallen away and slipped down the hillside. Grass has grown over the site now and everywhere there were little blood-red anemones. Mountains on every side stand out grandly against the sky, and beyond the Bay of Argolis is the snow-capped ridge of Mt. Parnon. On the slopes of the hills are patches of olive trees interspersed here and there by tall cypresses.

We were in the midst of a great stillness, caught up in the past, and could well imagine how, about 120 years ago, Heinrich Schliemann, the son of a German pastor, had listened spell-bound to the tales which his father had told him of the heroes of ancient Greece, until he made up his mind that one day he would go and dig up the walls of Troy. In his autobiography he tells how the desire grew and grew in him, in spite of the fact that for years he had to work in a grocer's shop without time or money for study. He was obsessed with the thought of Homer and of Troy. Then one day he injured himself as he was trying to move a heavy cask, and he had to give up the shop. He found work on a sailing ship which was going to Venezuela. It was wrecked off the Dutch coast. He then became a messenger boy and, though desperately poor, he managed to buy a few books and to snatch a few hours to learn languages—English, French, Dutch, Spanish, and Portuguese. He did not dare to begin Greek yet for fear of the emotional disturbance that it would

inevitably cause. Gradually the romance of his life began to unfold itself, as he drew nearer to his heart's desire. He began to make money—money that he knew he must have, not for its own sake, but for what it could give him. He became a wealthy merchant and at the age of twenty-four began to learn Russian. Then he went to Moscow as a representative of the indigo firm in which he was working. He began to study modern Greek and such was his ardour that he learned it in six weeks! The grocer's boy had become a prosperous merchant, and now he determined to make himself an archaeologist. He read everything he could find. He went to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, and then on to Athens just before he retired from business. To complete part of the romance of his life, when he was over forty he married a beautiful Greek girl, Sophia Engastomenos. She was to be the new Helen and go with him to Troy. In 1872 he literally dug up Troy and found a wondrous collection of gold and silver ornaments and jewelry with which he adorned Sophia.

Homer had inspired him to find first Troy and then Mycenae. With unerring instinct he decided to dig near the Lion Gate. With him was Sophia and 63 workmen. In 1876 he found five graves sunk in rectangular shafts and there, under dust and rubble, lay nineteen corpses, which had been forgotten for thousands of years. They were richly adorned with jewels and golden breastplates and their faces were covered with golden masks. Two of them were women wearing golden frontlets and diadems. He was so convinced that he had found the bodies of Agamemnon and his royal companions that he sent a telegram to the King of Greece which ran, "I have gazed upon the face of Agamemnon." Many professional archaeologists had looked askance at his work. He was an amateur, and some of his work was rough and careless, for he was self-taught and unskilled. But now he could no longer be ignored, for he had discovered an ancient civilisation which threw light on the early history of Greece. It was epoch-making. Was he right in believing that the bodies in the shaft graves were those of Agamemnon and his royal companions? Sad to relate, he was not. It was proved 20 years later by Sir Arthur Evans that they belonged to a Cretan civilisation even older than the supposed date of the Trojan War (1180 B.C.), and that there had been Cretan colonists in Argolis. The importance, however, of his discoveries was stupendous. He had opened up a new world of archaeology. Historians and archaeologists, following his pioneer work, made more and more important discoveries. Just outside the Lion Gate British archaeologists, working under Professor Alan Wace, have recently found foundations of Mycenaean houses, bits of furniture, and household ware, some of which are very like those described by Homer. More shaft graves have been found near the village of Charvati by Dr. John Papadimitriou working under the Greek Archaeological Society. The golden ornaments and weapons found must have belonged to the royal household of Mycenae.

So the work of Schliemann goes on and fresh light is being cast on the past. The identification of the bodies in the tombs of Mycenae still remains unknown. Perhaps they were those of the first kings of the city. Mycenae still keeps that secret. Some day, perhaps, archaeologists may find out. No ancient site in Greece is more shrouded in mystery or richer in romance than Golden Mycenae in the Vale of Argos.

SOPHIE SHEPPARD

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, (1751-1816)

IT is often disconcerting and a source of annoyance to be the subject of a scandal. The vilifying tongue of a scandal-monger brings sorrow and pain, even ruin to many lives, and cautious, prudent people avoid scandal. But what can be said about the author of *The School for Scandal* that has not been said before? Can anyone hope to say anything, not new, but even fresh, about the author of *The School for Scandal*? It may be doubted; and yet one is always the better for a walk in the morning air—a medicine which may be taken over and over again without any sense of sameness, or any failure of its invigorating quality. There is a pervading wholesomeness in the writings of R. B. Sheridan—a vernal property that soothes and refreshes in a way of which no other has ever found the secret. I often repeat to myself over and over again:—

“ The crimson dawn bids hence the night;
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair;
For till the morn of Love is there,
I feel no day, I own no light.”

And still on each successive repetition a breath of uncontaminated springtide seems to lift the hair upon my head. The most hardened *roue* of literature can scarce confront these simple and winning graces without feeling somewhat of the unworn sentiment of his youth revive in him. Modern imaginative literature has become so self-conscious, and therefore so melancholy, that Art, which should be “ the world’s sweet inn,” whither we repair for refreshment and repose, has become rather a watering-place, where one’s own private touch of the liver complaint is exasperated by the affluence of other sufferers whose talk is a narrative of morbid symptoms. Poets have forgotten that the first lesson of literature, no less than of life, is the learning how to burn your own smoke; that the way to be original is to be healthy; that the fresh colour, so delightful in all good writing, is won by escaping from the fixed air of self into the brisk atmosphere of universal sentiments; and that to make the common marvellous, as if it were a revelation, is the test of genius. It is good to retreat now and then beyond earshot of the introspective confidences of modern literature, and to lose ourselves in the gracious worldliness of Sheridan.

Born in Dublin on 20th October, 1751, Richard Brinsley Sheridan was the son of Thomas Sheridan, (1719-88), a teacher of elocution, actor, and author of a *Life of Swift*. His mother, Frances Sheridan, née Chamberlaine, (1724-66), was the author of a novel called *Sidney Biddulph* and one or two plays. Here was a healthy, hearty Irishman, so genuine that he need not ask whether he was genuine or no, so sincere as quite to forget his own sincerity, so truly pious that he could be happy in the best world that God chose to create, so humane that he loved even the foibles of his kind. He did not waste time in considering whether his age were good or bad, but quietly taking it for granted as the best that ever was, or ever could be for him, has left us an interesting picture of contemporary life scattered through his plays. Few playwrights since Shakespeare have had a surer instinct for the theatre; and we easily forgive his faults, and think of his rapidity, his coruscation, his Irish good sense, and the extraordinary burnish of his diction. He gains before the world, not only by his wit, which though more obvious is still wonderful and by his open generosity of temper, but because he makes

everything easy. His plots unroll like a ribbon; and his phrases tell at once in the corners of the gallery.

Sheridan's comedies were produced between his marriage in 1773 to Elizabeth Linley and his entry into Parliament in 1780. They are *The Rivals*, played and printed in 1775; *St. Patrick's Day* or *The Scheming Lieutenant*, 1775, printed 1788; *The Duenna*, 1775, printed 1783; *A Trip to Scarborough*, 1777, printed 1781; *The School for Scandal*, 1777, printed 1779; his greatest work and by which he will always be remembered and endeared to millions of peoples throughout the civilized world. *The Critic*, 1779, printed 1781 was his last dramatic effort teeming with sparkling wit. The points in *The Critic* are sharpened by his experience of the theatre; in 1776 he had become part-owner of the Drury Lane Theatre. His only other published play was the unfortunate tragedy *Pizzaro* (1799); but he also adapted for the stage a translation of Kotzebue's *Menschenhass und Reue*. Further, he left us some notes and materials, of various and uncertain date, for a melodrama (boyish in character), for a rustic opera entitled *The Forester*, and for a comedy, *Affectation*. These fragments are saved by Thomas Moore, and are to be seen in his *Memoirs of Sheridan* (1825). Moore also prints a number of early scraps and experiments which show us Sheridan at his work-table and cast some little light on his precocious powers. Moore also preserves a pretty song, "Dry be thy tear, my gentlest Love," which shows a natural gift of rhythm.

Sheridan is one of the authors who work hard in order to seem easy; in prose, to lead up to an epigram; in verse, to be smooth and sliding, and to tinkle agreeably; and in both kinds, to save all trouble to the voice, to practise in full vowels and avoid gritty consonants, and to find a rhythm that will stay in the mind's ear and memory. These aims are always felt in his verses, in his dialogue, and in his oratory. Only, there is less trace left of effort in the verse—however conventional the form—than in the prose. Here Sheridan does not try to conceal his labour, but offers us instead the pleasure of his artifice. He knows that here at least he does not seem easy; but he does not care, nor do we.

To have written such a play as *The Rivals* at the age of twenty-four is a feat, though on a smaller scale, that reminds us of the prodigy of the *Pickwick Papers*. Sheridan could already put new blood into very old and weary types. Macklin and others had shown many a bawling facetious Irishman; but Sir Lucius O'Trigger is of another caste. He does not talk loud; his essence is gravity not bluster; and the serious business of his life is the duello—a business which Sheridan himself had already good reason to understand. If Sir Lucius laughs at Acres, it is with dry scorn, and for the pleasure of watching the wriggles of a coward:—

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Lucius. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world.—Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? O, by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

It is the same when they are on the field:—

Would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? I'm told there is a very snug lying in the Abbey.

Sir Lucius would ask the same question if he were in Acre's shoes. It takes

an Irishman to invent an Irishman who has no humour and who yet brings down the house. And it is a true mark of comedy that none of the characters, except the two Absolutes, should ever see the joke of one another, not to say of themselves. Sheridan is original, not in the sense that he thinks and says what nobody ever thought and said before, and what nobody can ever think and say again, but because he is always delightfully fresh, because he sets before us the world as it honestly appeared to him, and not a world as it seemed proper to certain people that it ought to appear. *The Rivals* by common consent, is one of the freshest comedies in English.

I must devote the remaining space to *The School for Scandal*. There are two themes carefully knitted together. The story of the Teazles would make a play by itself; but then there would be no background, and no feeling that the Blatant Beast, or a herd of such beasts, is waiting to leap out and devour the Scandal. The "school" on the other hand would not make a play by itself, unless something happened to set its tongues to work. Besides, it personages, even Mrs. Candour, are hardly persons at all, but types, or even labels; although clamouring altogether, they may be fancifully thought to make one many-headed creature. Moore in his *Memoir* discusses at length the evolution and manipulation of the two themes. If unity is required, there is the unity of atmosphere. The Teazles and Surfaces move in an air which is thick with detraction. Native to that air is Joseph, who unites the two portions of the comedy. And these are admirably connected when the scandal-mongers, in the very frenzy of a concoction which deludes themselves, kill off Sir Peter in the imaginary duel; and when Crabtree, the realist of the party, knows exactly what happened to Sir Peter's bullet:—

"what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze Pliny that stood over the fireplace, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire."

The double letter clinches the story; it must be true, and presently the dead Sir Peter walks in. Thus *The School for Scandal*, even when read, makes a single impression; and in the theatre no jar is noticed at all. This is the only play of Sheridan's with a moral purpose, and so far it reminds us of Ben Jonson. There is no mistaking his generous wrath. *The Ode to Scandal*, of which he is probably the author, an unequal piece in mixed lyrical measures, shows his preoccupation with the subject. His life in the theatre afforded him ample material. Jonson sets out to scotch a particular snake, and takes care not to lose his temper in the process. Indeed he has two purposes; besides ridiculing scandal, he desires to show up "sentiment." He does it, I am compelled to confess, in a somewhat coarse, if very telling style. His Joseph Surface has become a name; but he is too bad to convince us. Joseph never made anyone angry, any more than Pecksniff or Stiggins. The Teazles are on a different level of art. The lady is the last and most pleasing in the long gallery of town dames, who, like Congreve's Millamant, "hate the country and all that relates to it." She has no charm in her, bating some extravagance, and has abundance of honesty: a real portrait of a charming, irritated woman. Sir Peter is the growling husband of tradition again thoroughly requickened in Sheridan's way.

High-wrought tragedy was rife in 1779, and was to continue long. It is remembered, if at all, chiefly by Sheridan's *Critic*, which is so good that it

must always outline its occasion. Also it must have revived some attention, however faint, to the already extinct heroic play of the older kind. Sheridan had this in mind as well as the works of his own day; and so far, *The Critic* is like an epitaph made as an afterthought upon some queer dead personage who is only a tradition. But, even for the scholar, it is not a burlesque upon any drama in particular. It is not based, like Fielding's *Tom Thumb*, on a methodical study of examples. It is rather the Pure Idea of burlesque, and speaks not only to literary persons but to schoolboys; Sheridan is here a schoolboy of genius himself. The jokes are like the old jokes of an old friend, all the better for being expected; and we applaud them before they begin. In Sheridan's time nothing was left of the turbid power which redeems those writers; there was nothing that he could be fairly charged with failing to revere. It is plain, however, from one passage, where he is speaking of comedy, that he is thinking of domestic tragedy, or at least serious drama. "From me," says Mr. Puff of his fellow-puffers, "they learned to inlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor." Much of Sheridan's own phraseology may be thus described; and where did he learn the knack of inlaying? From the old comedy, no doubt; but chiefly, after all, from himself. He took all possible pains to get the precise shape, and to fit the piece into the mosaic. The early drafts of *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal* show something of the process. Many a sentence stands out high and sharp, and to our later eyes bizarre, upon the general shining patter. Reading it aloud, we stop with a kind of protest to say, "That can only be Sheridan; no one else would say it; his character, in the play, is not really saying it; and it dates Sheridan." Not that we mind; and would that anyone now could say things so pleasing, and so fantastic.

Sheridan was an orator, and an Irish orator; and besides, rhetoric and studious cadence surrounded him. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* began to appear in 1776, between *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*. His own great speeches were yet to follow, but his comedies show something of the same orotund habit. The generous lines (1779) *To the Memory of Garrick* have nothing of the finish of Sheridan's prose, but they show how the old cadence, so nobly adapted for eulogy, still survived:—

" Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music, scarce confessed its own."

But the *Verses Addressed to Laura*, who was afterwards to be his second wife (Miss Ogle), are highly finished, and full of his generosity of soul. They are on her lover who had been killed in war:—

" Unknown to me the object of her grief;
I dare not counsel, did I ask relief. . . ."

There are many witnesses to the transporting effect of Sheridan's oratory, which Macaulay does not exaggerate. His speeches are often extant only in the third person, or in summaries, or in differing versions, and are extremely difficult to judge as literature. The opening address on Hastings (7th February, 1787) and the "Begum speech" (6th June, 1788) are the most famous examples, and we can with an effort, fancy ourselves the hearers. Sheridan's power of marshalling his facts, his sympathy with the oppressed, his passionate conviction, and his dramatic skill, are all apparent. Much of the matter is hard forensic or parliamentary argument, lightened by witty flourishes and sarcasm. But they have not the weight of intellect behind them that is latent

even in Burke's most furious sallies. Sheridan, as a master of prose, is to be judged by his dramas.

On the dissolution of Parliament in 1780 Sheridan was elected for Stafford, and in 1782 became Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs under Rockingham, afterwards Secretary to the Treasury in the coalition ministry (1783). His parliamentary reputation dates from his great speeches in the impeachment of Warren Hastings. In 1794 he again electrified the House by a magnificent oration in reply to Lord Mornington's denunciation of the French Revolution. He remained the devoted friend and adherent of Fox till Fox's death, and was also the defender and mouthpiece of the Prince Regent. In 1806 he was appointed Receiver of the Duchy of Cornwall, and in the same year treasurer to the navy. In 1812 he was defeated at Westminster, and his parliamentary career came to an end. In 1792 his first wife died, and three years later he married Esther Ogle, the silly and extravagant daughter of the Dean of Winchester, who survived him. The affairs of the theatre had gone from bad to worse. The old building had to be closed as unfit to hold large audiences, and a new one, opened in 1794, was burned in 1809. This last calamity put the finishing touch to Sheridan's financial difficulties, which had for many years been serious.

On the 7th July, 1816, in extreme poverty, Sheridan died, but was given a magnificent funeral in Westminster Abbey. He reflected the life of every day as it is made up of that curious compound of human nature with manners. "And if character can be divined from works, he was a good man, genial, sincere, hearty, temperate of mind, more wise, perhaps for this world than the next, but thoroughly humane and friendly with God and men." He had entered the Monastery of Letters, and as a consequence taken the Vow of Poverty, but he had also brought into many hearts the cheerful sound of the voice of Love and Comfort. He continues to live and long will be remembered for his *School for Scandal*.

J. B. PRICE

A UNIVERSITY IN CENTRAL AFRICA

IT was Henry VIII who said "I judge no land in England better bestowed than that which is given to our universities. For by their maintenance our realm shall be better governed when we be dead and rotten." This thought may have been in the minds of the City Fathers of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, when they gave nearly 500 acres of land to their university on the gently rising slopes of Mount Pleasant just beyond the City. In one respect the way in which this university came into being differs from that of most of the African universities. No forceful and benevolent government brought it to birth; no philanthropic or missionary zeal created it; it is the outcome of eleven years of devoted work by hundreds of little groups, scattered up and down the Federation, who fostered the idea, served on preparatory committees, and by hard work raised no less than close on half a million pounds for it. Now hopes are being materialised, for the first groups of buildings have reached roof height, and, most appropriately in a copper country, these gleam golden in the sunlight. Twelve heads of departments have arrived and begun to establish their research work. Research is the life-blood of a university and without it all teaching lacks vigour. The Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, because it is advancing in so many directions at

once, offers immense possibilities for research workers in every field of knowledge. An experimental botanical garden of ten acres has been laid down on the university site and work on experimental taxonomy begun. In Zoology, field centres are being established in the Wankie Game Reserve and the Zambezi valley and forces joined with those who have for long attacked but never completely solved the problems of the elimination of the waste and disease due to the tsetse fly and the bilharzia snail. Laboratory research is linked with the larger scale work of the university Department of Agriculture on its teaching and experimental farm twenty miles from Salisbury. A country rich in minerals has started off research on metal structure in the department of Physics and the existence of little-known plants has done the same for the study of the drugs obtained from them in the department of Chemistry. Departments of African Studies, History, Education and Economics will join forces in a study of the changes brought about in rural and urban areas as a result of the fact that African peoples with many different kinds of social organisation are being increasingly drawn into a western economy and way of life.

The Royal Charter incorporating the College states in set terms "No test of religious belief or profession or of race, nationality or class, shall be imposed upon or required of any person to entitle him to be admitted as a member, professor, teacher or student of the University College or to hold office therein or any advantage or privilege thereof." In interpreting the spirit of this Charter and beginning a bold experiment in race relations, what is more important than the place at which both University and Federation now stand is the direction in which both are moving. Notwithstanding the existence of social barriers, the day-to-day relationships of individuals of the different races are exceedingly happy in Southern Rhodesia; happier, indeed, or so it seems to those who know the other territories of Africa, than anywhere else on the continent. Then the principle of equality of races before the law is known and the processes of law greatly respected. So also is the existence of a common voters' roll irrespective of race, and the knowledge that sincere and determined effort is being made to solve the difficult and complex problem of extending the franchise whilst maintaining stable and responsible parliamentary government. At the university, after much consultation and advice from members of all races, it was decided to have separate Halls of Residence for different races; but building policy will not be allowed to determine residence policy because the Halls are being built in the form of a series of wings which could be used in a variety of different ways. When students come into residence in March of next year and organs of consultation may have arisen, such as a Students' Union, Hall Committees and a full Academic Board, it will be then possible to formulate a policy based on wider agreement as to what is right for the College community as well as for the wider community it must serve. What can be said with assurance is that the Principal and his first group of twelve professors have come dedicated to the purpose of developing the best possible degree of racial goodwill. In following out this purpose they will follow any road that seems to lead in the right direction, but advancing slowly, consolidating each advance as it is won rather than putting into practice rigid or doctrinaire views.

The Conservative Party "Bow Group" in London recently set out the

three conditions necessary for peaceful progress in the Federation as being (1) the emergence of moderate African leaders; (2) the existence of European leaders whom Africans trust and (3) the existence of a group of Africans with higher education with whom Europeans are prepared to share political power. These three criteria, over the next decade or so, could be satisfied by leaders emerging from a university which had evoked their common loyalty. If, like the great European universities, it is able to assert itself as one of the spiritual powers of the country, expressing wise attitudes in relation to the great themes of the day, then leaders will emerge from its walls able to live up to the height of their times. The universities of Africa, some seventeen in number, fall into four groupings in relation to their political setting. Five of them, in West Africa, Egypt and the Sudan, have to develop their life against the background and difficulties of an energetic but effervescent nationalism. Two, in East Africa and the Congo, still have strong ties with colonial governments. Nine, in the Union of South Africa, may shortly have four more completely segregated Bantu universities added to their number and to the weight of their problems. In the Federation, with its single university, the difficulties seem limited and the sky bright with creative promise. The way ahead will certainly not be easy, but the tide of opinion and flow of events are set in its favour and with good fortune the university should go forward with speed and strength.

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ENCOUNTER WITH NORWEGIAN LAPPS

THOSE who, like the writer of this article, have chosen to lead a nomadic existence (though not without a goodly measure of comfort) will take an interest in those who do likewise, by tradition or inclination. Thus, I seek out the Bedouins, the gipsies and the Lapps. The latter are not easy to find, living in remote parts where there is no risk of unpleasant clashes. For this reason, the Lapps have withdrawn more and more to the extreme North, making way for other peoples. Their predominant characteristic is a blend of good-naturedness, curiosity, and suspicion. The most accessible among them, of course, are the so-called tourist Lapps. To them visitors are taken in cars, shown a few fairy-tale tents quickly set up, while the Lapps, clad in colourful costumes, enact a spectacular show of lassoing reindeer—an Arctic version of a Wild West scene. Meetings of this kind naturally did not attract me. For others, however, one must leave the towns and bigger villages far behind. Mr. Amundsen, a Hammerfest photographer, put me on the right track. He himself spends all his holidays with the Lapps. He is even wont to accompany them for many weeks on their autumn and spring migrations, coming back with yards of coloured films giving genuine account of Lapp life. In order to gain their confidence, he tells me, the intruder must become completely assimilated. He must learn to eat salted fish and reindeer meat, and if he is served the eyes of the reindeer he must follow his host's example and eat them as a special delicacy, without turning a hair.

We left Hammerfest together with Amundsen and crossed the idyllic, brightly lit Akka Fiord to Evagård. A mutual friend, the local merchant, had put his fishing cutter at our disposal. Here we found the summer and autumn quarters of some of the reindeer Lapps from the vicinity of Kauto-

keino, their biggest Norwegian winter settlement. They live partly in ram-shackle huts, which seem to symbolize their provisional character, and partly still in the typical Kotas. These are tent-like dwellings and consist of hardly more than canvas and reindeer skins laid across tree trunks. An opening serves for a door, and one has to bend down to get in. The yapping of shaggy little Lapp dogs heralds every visitor. Inside the dwellings is darkness. As a rule, the whole family sleeps on one "bed" of reindeer skins. Household gear is confined to the minimum, a fork being considered a luxury. As we are told, the comfort in the winter houses is not very much greater. It took a long time until the ice was broken. No doubt these people take life philosophically, but their minds, and consequently their conversation, are centred upon few things:—The reindeer, the counting of reindeer, an occasional bottle of brandy, and their favourite pastime of going to church whenever one of the basic settlements is reached. (There is no Kota and no house without its hymn book.) Our first visit was a failure since the "Master of the Hut" was asleep and nobody dared wake him. For weeks and weeks he had been following the reindeer and now he was allowing himself a few days of rest, devoted to sleeping and eating. Our next attempt was more successful. Per Lohse has just woken up and did not mind a chat. He had made a roaring fire in his tent so as to dry some salmon caught by his brother who was out fishing. Per is an intelligent man; he even reads the papers, but only the conservative ones since very few Lapps among those who care about politics at all are interested in the leftist parties. One passage in his paper had even been underscored. "Lapps demand uniform prices for reindeer meat" read the headline. And after a long time and many refills of his pipe he began to tell us about their hard journeys with the reindeer. For days and nights they have to follow them through barren mountain regions and not lose them out of sight for a moment. During the summer this is not so difficult. In cold winters, however, the herd must be protected against hungry wolves. "To us Lapps," says Per Lohse with a knowing twinkle in his eye, "the reindeer, or potsos as we call them, mean just what banking accounts are to you. We have no other capital."

Reindeer are given certain names, according to their age. During its first year the calf is called "kermikko," a two year old is "vuomelo," at three it becomes "vuorso," at four "kunteeus," at five "kosotin" and at six "maaganas." After this, every reindeer is called "nimiloppus" which means "no more names." This is not exactly true, since there are still some special designations, like "teinokki" for a reindeer cow who has never calved—a legendary animal believed to be inhabited by good spirits. "Härkkä" is the name given to the head reindeer which pulls the boat-shaped "pulkka" (one-man sledge) at a top speed of 30 miles per day. In the tent of Per Lohse's neighbour, Per Bals, the whole family was assembled. To start with, they wanted to know how many children we had, how old we were, what our income was, etc. (Amundsen, of course, served as interpreter). After this, all members of the family in turn withdrew for a short time and returned, wearing colourful, richly embroidered national costumes, and the typical high, pointed boots. Like the coats, they are made of reindeer skin, stuffed with hay and outlast all the wear and tear of weeks of tramping through the mountains. For a little while father Bals took no part in the conversation but reached for a weekly journal, scanning its columns with

obvious interest. This was to show us that he, too, could read and write. He even subscribes to several papers, Norwegian as well as the only Lapp journal *Nuorttanaste* which is published in Alta and which never missed a number, even during the war. Per Bals tells us that the formation of a reindeer police had at last done away with the conflicts and thefts which used to be a frequent occurrence. He also talks about a self-elected, autonomous Lapp organization whose task it was to protect all economic and cultural rights of its people. After this, the conversation drifted back to the reindeer. At the time of the counts—the herd is driven into an enclosure and every owner catches his livestock with a lasso—a special mark representing each member of the family is being cut into the ear of the young calves. Lapp eyesight is such that they recognise the mark from 100 yards' distance. Six of Per Bals' children who are of school age were just home on holiday. Usually they are at boarding schools with plenty of modern comfort, including running hot and cold water. In spite of this, their longing for nature and the reindeer is great.

The youngest member of his large family is less than one year old. He lies in a boat-shaped cot which is covered with reindeer skins and easily carried on journeys. At present this "Lapp Ark" hangs on a rope suspended from the ceiling and every passer-by gives it a push, so that the swinging movement never stops. We are permitted to lift the red veil which protects the baby from mosquitos. Inside everything is carefully lined with hay. In the absence of nappies the problem of washing them does not exist either. However, the little mite looks pale and sickly. Every child gets his first pair of reindeer as a christening gift. By the time a boy comes of age he may own a few dozen, and henceforth no one will dispute his ownership. That means there are no clan laws, despite close family cohesion. The two families whom I visited possessed some 400 reindeer each, according to Amundsen's estimate. Each reindeer represents a value of 150-250 Kroner (7 Kroner = \$1). There are reindeer owners and reindeer kings. The latter include the Otses whose herd numbers 5,000. However, their house differs in no way from those of the other Lapps. Whenever a member of the family marries the bridal dress is made from the valuable white patches on the reindeer skin—even if this requires the slaughter of 200 "Potsos." Even the gypsies have legends and songs dealing with the great days of the past, glorifying some oriental dynasties said to be their forefathers. The Lapps, on the other hand, give little thought to their origins. Their costumes and jewellery represent their only traditions, for the monotonous Joikus—yodel-like folk songs—contain only improvisations about reindeer and other everyday events. The local shopkeeper told us some more interesting details. Throughout the summer and autumn the Lapps take their requirements from him. Nothing is paid in cash, but an exact account is kept all of purchases. Except for an occasional reindeer theft, the Lapps are scrupulously honest. On the last day before returning to their winter quarters, everyone comes to the shop with enough reindeer meat and skins to balance the account: a type of barter trade which no longer exists elsewhere. Coffee, sugar, salt, tobacco and bread are the principal and actually the only needs of the Lapps, apart from reindeer and fish. Also, there is always a demand for the typical Lapp daggers worn by all, down to the smallest boys. Older people use it to cut their meat right next to their lips, as we observed with some trepidation.

A few days later we arrived in Vadsö, capital of the province of Finmark, where we met Arne Pleyn, the Lapp bailiff. He is a Norwegian, born in Karasjok where his father was a kind of police prefect, and has fluent command of Danish, the Lapp language. Pleyn remarks not without pride that his realm is greater than Denmark. For at least one-half of the year he travels around, visiting one Lapp colony after the other. He advises his "subjects" regarding their rights and obligations, and supervises the reindeer economy so as to avoid injustice and exploitation. He lives and eats with the Lapp families and listens to their fireside stories at night. As he informs me, the Norwegian Government is trying to improve their housing conditions and has also done its utmost to compensate them for war damages. Those owning less than 200 reindeer have the balance given to them since 200 is regarded as the minimum subsistence level. The following figures throw further light on the situation:—There are 95,000 reindeer in Finmark representing a total value of 19 million Kroner. The annual meat production, valued at 3 million Kroner, is an important economic factor and exports are steadily increasing.

A. J. FISCHER

WEST GERMAN LABOUR LEGISLATION

SINCE the establishment of the International Labour Organisation and its Secretariat, the International Labour Office in Geneva in 1919, the interest in labour and social questions has rapidly increased, even outside the parties concerned. The labour legislation of the various nations has attracted much interest; for despite the ever growing international connections, the same social problems are dealt with differently by the respective legislatures and the law reflects more than anything else the character and peculiarities of the nations concerned. The following survey is partly based on the comprehensive treatise by Professor Nipperdey, President of the West German Federal Labour Court, in the *International Labour Review* (July, August, 1954). The chief items are the Federal Dismissals Act and three acts regarding employees' representation in the management of private industries, of mining, iron and steel production, and of public industries and authorities.

The Federal Dismissals Act of August 10, 1951, resembles an act of 1920 abolished by the Nazis; it awards every dismissed wage or salary earner over twenty, and employed for more than 6 months in the same undertaking the right to apply for mediation by the works council, and if this fails for a decision by the local labour court, claiming that his dismissal is socially unwarrantable. If the court agrees to the claim, it may declare that the contract has not been dissolved, or, if the employer refuses to comply with the decision, may order him to pay up to 12 months' wages as compensation. According to this act the employer may not terminate any contract by giving notice if it is not based on certain reasons specified in the act, a principle now imitated, by many countries in different ways.* Under another section of this act members of the works council may not be dismissed except when the undertaking is closed down or the employer has legal grounds for terminating the contract without notice, for instance if the employee has committed a crime.

* but not in the English speaking countries and in Sweden.

This leads us to the three Acts regarding employees' representation, firstly the Works Constitution Act of October 11, 1952, covering the whole of private industry except maritime and air navigation. In all undertakings having normally not less than 5 permanent employees older than 18 the employees elect a works council for 2 years. It consists of at least one member, increasing with the number of employees, and in giant undertakings employing say 9,000 workers, of 35. This law is one of the many attempts since 1945 to achieve a genuine industrial partnership, transcending the spirit of class war between employers and workers. Its basic principle states the legal precedence of the collective agreements concluded by the respective Trade Unions and Employers' Associations, and their privilege to call for strikes, lock-outs, etc. On the other hand it asks both the employer and the works council to regard themselves not as opposing parties but as partners striving peacefully for the benefit of the work and the workers with due consideration of the public interest.

In this new role the works council takes part in the management of the undertaking as regards social, personnel and economic matters. Its consent is required regarding hours of work, holidays, vocational training, methods of remuneration, and particularly the determination of the works rules which govern the conduct of the employees. This consent, very often obtained only after long negotiations, is called participation in a works agreement. Regulations of wages and other conditions of employment, such as general overtime and length of annual leave, if not ruled by statute are the special privilege of the T.U., and are covered by collective agreements. The employer, of course, is not prevented from giving his employees higher wages and better working conditions than is provided by the collective agreement. If a works agreement cannot be reached, the matter may be referred by either party to a mediation board composed of equal numbers of representatives of both parties whose decision is binding. If the workers are not satisfied, they may apply to their T.U. and eventually decide to strike. But this will not happen often, as the whole subject has been discussed very thoroughly by the works council, the T.U. concerned, the mediation board, and even by the works assembly, another representative body. This procedure is very different from the British custom, where the workers—very often against the advice of their T.U.—strike about such matters, and a board of inquiry or the Industrial Commissioner of the Ministry of Labour is required to find out the facts or to seek conciliation. Furthermore, the works council may in personnel matters (engagements, changes of job, regrouping) appeal to the local labour court for a reversal of the decision if agreement cannot be reached. In economic matters the works council has co-management rights only in the case of reduced production and the subsequent dismissal of workers. The council may appeal in such cases to a joint mediation board. The employer is not bound by any decision of this board, but he must pay compensation if he dismisses workers contrary to a proposal by the board, the amount being fixed with consideration of the economic situation of both parties and the time of employment of every dismissed worker.

There are two other representative bodies: (1) the economic committee, acting merely in an advisory capacity to the employer, and (2) the works assembly, composed of all employees, which receives a quarterly report from the works council and may make proposals to it. Undertakings consisting of

several establishments may have a general works council as well. Co-management, however, comprises also membership of the board of supervision. In nearly all share companies with more than 500 employees one third of the members of the supervisory board must be elected by the employees qualified to vote. At least two of these representatives must be themselves employed in the undertaking, and the employees' representatives have the same rights as those of the shareholders.

Regarding the share companies of the mining, iron and steel industries, the Co-determination Act of May 21, 1951, provides for an equal representation of employees and shareholders on the supervisory board under an impartial chairman. Some of the employees' representatives are nominated by the T.U. concerned after consultation with the works council. A further provision states that the board of management of each company must include a labour manager duly elected by the majority of the employees' representatives on the supervisory board. He has the same rights as the other members of this board, and is required to conciliate the social needs of the employees with the economic interest of the company. The last act, the Federal Personnel Representation Act of August 5, 1955 governs co-management rights for the personnel of departments and undertakings belonging to the Federal Republic, the Laender, the local authorities, and other public corporations. There are three different kinds of staff councils, for civil servants, for clerical and technical employees, and for manual workers. Some groups, among them, the judges, are excluded from the framework of this act. In public concerns of a purely economic character, such as the Federal Railways, the tram and bus lines, electricity, gas and water supply, most of them owned by the municipalities, the few mines, iron and steel works, belonging to the Laender, co-management rights of the staff councils and the influence of the T.U. are only slightly less than in private industry, though the public interest is the first consideration. In contrast, the part of the staff councils as representatives of the civil servants, owing to the concept of loyalty inherent in a service relationship, is much less extensive. On the whole, the opinion of President Nipperdey seems to be correct that the German Works Constitution Act grants employees co-management rights probably not exceeded in any other country and with a higher standard of living, greater personal freedom, and more human dignity than in any Communist country, especially in Eastern Germany.

W. OSTWALD

AFFORESTATION AND THE RURAL SCENE

THOUSANDS of acres that previously grew nothing but couch-grass, moss, bullrush, bracken or heather have, during the last twenty-five years, been taken over by the Forestry Commission, and now grow trees of which conifers predominate. Of the various attempts to produce something useful to the nation from these almost barren expanses, where several acres were required to keep a single sheep throughout the year, this afforestation is probably the most successful. Vast sums of money have been spent to cultivate wide tracts of hill country, and, with very few exceptions, these areas have quickly slipped back to their natural state. It has been found that expenditure beyond all hope of return must be put into these tracts not only to cultivate them but to preserve them in a state of fertility and clear of the weeds that were their normal vegetation.

Agriculturalists will never cease to argue against this, but time and the rapidly-growing larch and spruce must before long convince even the most ardent of them. There are still thousands of acres that could be producing these soft-woods, and there is little doubt that the Forestry Commission will take over still more of these unproductive territories. It all sounds very commendable until one pauses to weigh up a few of the pro's and con's, and when one lives in a district that is already heavily planted, and has grown up quite literally with the trees, the prospect of still further planting does provide food for serious thought. At first glance the rural community would appear to have benefited without question. There are the new roads winding through the trees, constructed and maintained by the Forestry Commission. There are the power lines reaching out like a spider's web to remote places which would otherwise still be using oil lamps. Then suddenly round a bend in the road there is a village that has sprung up within the last decade; and there with it are all the amenities—school, clubs, water supply, post office, telephone, and many conveniences that the nearby market town is still denied. Who, on seeing all this, could doubt the forward march of progress that has blessed the local inhabitants in the form of the Forestry Commission? And, when the traveller journeys a little further, and observes the barren tracts of hill country beyond the trees, where a few scraggy sheep graze among the rushes, he will be still further impressed. Then the road rapidly deteriorates into no more than a hill-track, and the grey stone shepherd's cottage with its slate roof shelters in a hollow without electric light or any form of sanitation just as it was a hundred and more years ago. The traveller can then drive back to the city full of nothing but praise for the Commission.

What of the people who must live on in this land of trees—apart, of course, from those employed by the Commission? Firstly the farmers have their grumbles. As already stated, they will argue until kingdom come that the Forestry Commission have covered many acres that would otherwise be producing beef or mutton or even corn. But their real grouse—and a big one—is labour. There is no doubt that the planting and subsequent work on these great forests is contributing very largely to the drift from the land. Many young men, who would otherwise have gone in for farm-work, seek employment in the woods. Others leave the land for the woods. Larger pay packets—by only a small amount—shorter hours, and not so arduous a task, must have their effects. One cannot blame the men. Nor does the farmer get anything in return from the Forestry Commission, because to ask for a few poles for fencing is like asking for the moon. The sporting fraternity is certainly affected by all this planting. It has ruined many good foxhunting counties. Miles of rideable hill-country have been taken up, and the young trees, particularly in their first ten years of growth, provide a sanctuary for foxes. Here in the acres of thick undergrowth it is a hopeless task attempting to hunt them in the traditional way, and every fox lying out in the smaller coverts for miles around makes straight for the forests as soon as he is put on his legs. The fox problem is fast becoming acute now that the rabbits have virtually disappeared. Damage to poultry and lambs increases annually, and farmers adjoining the plantations have to get together and organise fox-drives. Even the issue of cheap cartridges hardly encourages one to perform a task that should be carried out by those who planted the trees.

For the shooting man there are no pheasants or partridges among the larch

and spruce. Wide tracts of grouse country have gone, and the Forestry Commission killed off all the black game before they started planting. Furthermore the woods provide a safe retreat not only for such vermin as foxes, but also for sparrow-hawks, magpies, crows, and jays. Like the foxes, they are extremely difficult to keep under control in these thick coverts. They breed there in their numbers, and spread out over the surrounding countryside to inflict a tremendous toll on eggs and young birds in the nesting season. Here wood pigeons breed literally in their hundreds, as many as a thousand using a 200 acre forest in which to roost and breed. When one considers that the wood pigeon may rear four broods in a year to descend on crops in the surrounding countryside it might be easier to understand another of the farmers' complaints. The smaller birds have also been affected by the conifer planting. Insect life in the summer is not abundant in the fir woods, and the small birds have tended to forsake them. A few remain faithful to the larch and spruce—the tiny goldcrest, for instance—but the majority breed in the open country. A walk through these plantations on a summer day will prove how empty of small bird life are these acres. In winter, however, the shelter of the conifers provides an excellent roosting-place and during the last half-hour of daylight large numbers of such small birds as finches, linnets, yellow hammers, and blackbirds fly in to roost at lower levels than the hordes of pigeons, crows, jackdaws, and magpies. One cannot pretend that this wide-scale planting has favoured either our small birds or game, for food or nesting. The vermin, however, have been afforded a safe retreat, and little or nothing has so far be done to curb their numbers.

The Forestry Commission succeeded with their grey squirrel campaign. One can only presume that they will have to wage a similar war against pigeons, and possibly even foxes in the near future. In the former they will be up against a stiff problem—although we hear of the possible use of narcotic poisoning. Such measures do not find favour with all country dwellers, but that is another subject. While we cannot deny that some use has been made of hitherto unproductive land, those who live in a heavily wooded district would prefer there to be some limit in the further planting of conifers. A few more oak nurseries would be a pleasing sight, even if our generation could not hope to see them grow up into maturity.

G. D. ADAMS

GANDHI AND THE CABINET MISSION IN 1946

A MASSIVE volume has recently reached this country from India which is bound to remain one of the chief authorities on the events leading to the final withdrawal of British rule from India. It is called *Mahatma Gandhi: The Last Phase*, and is written by Pyarelal Nayyar who for many years was his personal secretary and confidant. He has been appointed official biographer of the Mahatma under the Gandhi Memorial Trust, and he has been living among masses of documents and trying to reduce them to order for some years. In view of the magnitude of the task and his own conscientious determination to be both thorough and accurate, he must be congratulated on achieving so much already. As Mr. Gandhi's early life has been well covered in his own autobiography and by a number of other writers, Mr. Pyarelal has with some reason decided to begin at the other end.

Although the present volume is called "The Last Phase," it is in fact only half of that. A second similar volume will carry the story to the day of his assassination in January, 1948. This volume begins from his release from jail on the 5th of May, 1944, and the bulk of it is concerned with the negotiations with the Cabinet Mission in 1946, and with his walking tour through the villages of Noakhali, East Bengal, in the following autumn and winter, when he was striving to restore communal peace to Bengal and other afflicted parts of India. Of his single-minded heroism and devotion to the best interests of all India throughout this remarkable tour there can hardly be two opinions; but on the earlier phase, his dealings with the Cabinet Mission, there will certainly still be several opinions, and it is accordingly on this highly debatable ground alone that I wish to follow Mr. Pyarelal here.

Let us remind ourselves of the background. In the midst of the war, at a time when Britain's prospects of physical survival from Hitler's declared intention to annihilate the whole country were at their lowest, Mr. Gandhi had, as it seemed to most Britishers, thrown his influence against the acceptance of the Cripps' offer of 1943, and had proceeded to start a "Quit India" movement which felt to most Britishers like a stab in the back from one who had always claimed that, at bottom, he was a friend of the British. Thereupon, all the leaders of the Congress, that is of India's powerful nationalist party, had been arrested; and although Mr. Gandhi, following his wife's death in detention and his own serious illness, was released in May, 1944, his colleagues, Mr. Nehru, Mr. Patel and the rest were not released till after the end of the war. Under these circumstances, it might have been anticipated that there would be a good deal of distrust on both sides when the leaders met each other in India in April, 1946. It should be remembered, however, that on Britain's side victory in the war had supervened; so that Britain, or her representatives in the person of the Cabinet Mission, could now afford to forget their grudge. India's leaders, so far, had nothing to look back to in the immediate past but a prolonged sojourn in jail. True, the complexion of the British Government had changed. For the first time Labour was not only in office but in power. Would that make any difference in the approach to the problem of India's freedom? Indians had not noticed any significant difference between the policies of the MacDonald Labour Government and that of its Conservative predecessors. They were disposed to think that India was an issue on which all British parties united: united, that is, to insist that they intended to confer freedom on India some day, but always at some quite invisible date beyond one or two awkward corners which from the nature of the case, as it seemed to nationalist Indians, a dependent India could never pass.

It is true that in the winter of 1945-6 an important Parliamentary group, representing all three parties, and including in particular Reginald Sorensen, who for years had been a lone voice in the House of Commons pleading for Indian freedom, toured India, and their assurances, especially Mr. Sorensen's assurance, that real freedom was on its way now certainly carried some weight. Then, when it was announced from London that three important Cabinet Ministers would come to India for an indefinite period, to assist the Viceroy, Lord Wavell, to find with Indian leaders an agreed solution to the problem of Indian government, those who knew the British political scene, those who knew that Britain was in the midst of vast post-war problems of her own, were certainly impressed. Moreover, two of the Cabinet Ministers were

already known to nationalist India, and favourably known. The Secretary of State, Lord Pethick-Lawrence, was an old friend of Mr. Gandhi; Sir Stafford Cripps had been a good friend of Mr. Nehru, and had been an outspoken critic of the British policy of "divide and rule" in India. All these factors were favourable, but in themselves they were not enough. Probably most of the Congress leaders were not yet convinced that there was already in the British Government such a "change of heart," to use Mr. Gandhi's characteristic phrase, that, whatever difficulties Mr. Jinnah and the Muslim League might throw in the path, a final surrender of British power was decided on.

In the case of Mr. Gandhi himself, I think there can be no doubt that he started out with genuine conviction of the *bona fides* of the Cabinet Ministers. But those of us who were near to him were alarmed to discover that, as the weeks passed by, far from being reassured, he lost his faith in them. Why was this? There may have been several contributory factors in the realm of personal relations which need not today be considered. It is one of the curious ironies of fate that sometimes, when you have excellent men confronting each other, they somehow do not click and mischief results. But there was more to it than this. In Mr. Pyarelal's narrative the daily crises recur just as they did at the time. The biographer is loyal to his chief and insists that his gradual loss of faith in the Ministers was justified. As I read his pages I think I see what went wrong more clearly than I did at the time.

Mr. Gandhi, if I interpret him rightly, had two important principles which in his eyes were acid tests of the *bona fides* of the British. First, if you are determined to quit India as soon as you can hand over to us, then begin from today to carry on the government according to our ideas. You will then, he would persuasively argue, get the credit for some of the urgently needed reforms—abolition of the salt-tax was one that was dear to his heart—that we are determined to put into operation as soon as we can. Secondly, where Mr. Jinnah and the Muslim League are concerned, if you resist his demand for Pakistan (which the Mission did resist to the end) and are determined to keep us together in one undivided India, as Mr. Jinnah makes almost a principle of never agreeing to anything we propose, hand over to whichever party you prefer. If, to win his trust, you prefer to hand over to him alone, I promise you that we will do our best to keep the Hindu community loyal and to give him necessary support for achieving a free government for all India. To the British Ministers, both these principles of Mr. Gandhi appeared unrealistic. It was startling to find him accusing his old friend Lord Pethick-Lawrence of being an "imperialist." When I ventured to ask him what he meant by this strange accusation I learnt, as I had supposed, that the accusation was due to Lord Pethick-Lawrence's insistence that, until the day when a free Indian government was formed (a day that he was doing his utmost to hasten, and which he hoped to achieve within months or even weeks) he felt obliged to decide matters of administrative policy according to his own conscience, not according to the advice of Mr. Gandhi or anyone else. To Mr. Gandhi this attitude appeared to be "imperialistic." It seems strange that he should so have seen it since he was himself constantly asserting that men should follow their own consciences rather than doing what someone else thought right. He would have said, perhaps, "Yes, no doubt he is following his conscience; but I am disappointed

to find that it is an imperialist conscience." But what to the writer at least still seems strange—and indeed disappointing from such a man—is that he did not see that it was possible for a man who was opposed to all imperialism honestly to believe that the attitude: "I must continue to accept the responsibility of ruling up to the moment when, by accepted constitutional procedures, I hand over to you; this, in my opinion, is likely to be not only the most efficient way of doing things, but will also lead to the most rapid transfer of authority, and will mean my handing over to you in good order, so that you will find a working machine instead of chaos." Such an attitude, which to most men who have to bear responsibility must surely seem the right line to follow, strangely did not appeal to Mr. Gandhi in the least, and even led to an alienation between him and the Secretary of State.

So, too, in the matter of transfer to either the Congress leaders or to Mr. Jinnah, leaving the party thus put in authority to come to terms with its adversary without the embarrassing intervention of the third party, the British. That Mr. Gandhi was sincere in his desire to see the transfer made to Mr. Jinnah was not doubted by the Cabinet Mission; they could and did respect his desire to give him the fullest opportunity to shape things in such a way that the Muslim community would have nothing to fear. But, once again, they could only reject it as being unrealistic. It may be questioned whether Mr. Gandhi, even if he could have counted on the loyal support of his chief colleagues in the Congress leadership, could in fact have induced a large element in the Hindu community—all those who supported the Hindu Mahasabha, for instance—to be loyal subjects of a Jinnah Government. But, quite apart from that, if they were finally obliged to hand over to one party alone, the Cabinet Mission were clear that it must be to the majority party, that is, to the Congress—all the more so because the Congress, unlike the Muslim League, did not represent one community only and had an important element of the Muslim community within it. But for the time being the Cabinet Mission felt bound to continue hoping that both major parties, Congress and League, would accept their proposals and could be brought into the Interim Government together. Indeed, there was one moment when it appeared that Mr. Jinnah had in fact agreed. I recall very well the elation with which Mr. Gandhi returned from the conference that day at Simla, saying that agreement was in sight and that we must now think of the name of the best Indian Christian who could act as arbitrator on one or two outstanding issues. The Cabinet Mission were equally hopeful. Unfortunately next morning Mr. Jinnah explained that he had been misunderstood, and so the whole thing was back in the melting pot.

It may be that that incident affected Mr. Gandhi's mind. He perhaps felt that the Cabinet Mission ought to have held Mr. Jinnah to his word. Whether they themselves felt that he had gone back on his word during the night I do not know. Perhaps they did, and perhaps they should have taken a firmer line with him. But to what end? At least it might surely be a matter of honest difference of opinion whether in such a situation you take a firm line and thereby probably drive one party into total non-co-operation in the negotiations, or whether you patiently sit down again, hoping in the end to wear out his distrust and obstinacy. But apparently Mr. Gandhi and his colleagues did not see it that way.

As one goes over the record again, in Mr. Pyarelal's book, one has the

sense that Mr. Gandhi in effect said to the British statesmen in 1946: " You will only be able to convince us of your good faith if you accept our way of achieving the freedom that you say you now want us to achieve. Each step must be decided by us." I do not believe that any British statesman could ever accept that way of doing things or ever should. Ultimate responsibility is in its nature indivisible. Either he abdicates, or he governs up to the moment of transfer of authority. He cannot be both Secretary of State and a dummy.

I believe that was the issue between Mr. Gandhi and the Cabinet Mission in 1946. It may yet be the issue in other cases now confronting Britain. In the realm of political morality the world has immense lessons to learn from Mr. Gandhi. It may well be that he has shown us, as no one else in active political life has shown, the real alternative to race suicide. Still more, he has shown, again and again, how to respect and win over the political opponent. But in those days of 1946, for various reasons, some of which I have tried here to elucidate, I believe he failed to express his own principles adequately. There was a failure of what William Blake called the imagination. Some of us, I must confess, began to wonder whether he had outlived his time, and was no longer able to cope with the needs of the situation. How wrong we were the extraordinary achievement of the last year of his life was to show. That story will be told in Mr. Pyarelal's next volume.

HORACE ALEXANDER



LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

EDWARD VII

On the death of Edward VII the question arose as to who should write the official biography. Lord Esher, who knew him as well as anyone, wished to do it and would have done it well, for he had passed his life in the tide of great affairs. The selection of Sir Sidney Lee was unfortunate, for our leading Shakespearian scholar knew nothing of the monarch and little of politics at home or abroad. He died before the second volume was near completion, and the work had to be completed by other hands. His verdict, after studying a mass of published and oral material, was more favourable than the picture of a gifted playboy suggested in his lengthy and much-criticised obituary in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. He performed his task conscientiously, without malice or adulation, but he provided a record, not a portrait. Of the many friends and acquaintances who have tried to restore Edward to life the most authoritative was Sir Frederick Ponsonby whose memoirs of three reigns do full justice to his character and achievements.

The two world wars and the social revolution which they have brought in their train have dug such a gulf between our own time and the Edwardian era that we can study it almost as dispassionately as the Four Georges and the reign of Victoria. Virginia Cowles, an experienced biographer with an observant eye and a lively style, has written a very readable book, full of colour and movement and reasonably fair. Without taking the charitable epigram: *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner* too literally, she describes the crazy system of cloistered education of which the heir to the throne was the unlucky victim from his earliest days. The devotion of good old Baron Stockmar, the oracle of the Prince Consort and then of the young Queen, to the Royal Family was beyond challenge, but a less successful pedagogue never lived. He never learned that nature abhors regimentation. He made no attempt to understand the boy who possessed plenty of intelligence but was as indifferent to the things of the mind as his Hanoverian ancestors. Far more blameworthy, however, were his parents, his father for his blind reliance on Stockmar, his mother for the almost pathological dislike of her eldest son which she never fully overcame. All her love went to her adored husband, and when he was gone there was little left for most of her children.

Till the end of her reign mother and son were never at ease with one another. The Queen never concealed her opinions, and the most revealing of the many illustrations is Max Beerbohm's superb picture of the old lady sitting stiff and prim while the Prince of Wales stands in the corner with his face to the wall in obvious disgrace. We can understand her disgust at the Bohemian society so graphically described in the chapters entitled *The Gay Sixties*, *Marlborough House* and *Professional Beauties*, but neither Miss Cowles nor anyone else has been able to explain her unloving treatment of her eldest son at an age when he was too young to sin. Friction between rulers and heirs is a familiar story, but for such enduring estrangement between mother and son we must go back to Caroline of Anspach and Poor Fred. The happiest day in the Prince's life was that of his marriage, not merely because praise of the bride's face and heart was on all lips, but because at long last he had escaped from leading-strings, possessed homes of his own, could choose his friends and enjoy life in his own uninhibited way. That he plunged into frivolities and dissipation, and the days of Prinny, eldest son of the virtuous George III, seemed to have come again, was not entirely his fault; for the Queen denied him any share in serious activities, and he had passed his fiftieth year before Gladstone secured reluctant permission for him to see confidential Foreign Office despatches. That Marlborough House and Sandringham became the centre of Society, and the Prince of Wales the leader of the Smart Set, brought him deep satisfaction, but he wanted something more; he was keenly interested in foreign

affairs and loved to mix with the makers of history on equal terms. His mother, broken-hearted and prematurely bereaved of the only human being she ever really loved, buried herself at Windsor, Cowes and Balmoral so completely that some republican talk was heard from Dilke, Chamberlain and a few other radicals; but the critical illness of the Prince of Wales in 1871 scotched the campaign which has never been renewed.

Unlucky and frustrated in his upbringing, the Prince was fortunate in his marriage. Miss Cowles writes of Alexandra as she writes of all the royalties, frankly and without unctuousness. Her one failing was incorrigible unpunctuality. "Alexandra was not in the least clever. She had a simple, almost childish mind. She did not understand politics and had very little taste for literature or art. But her great point was her kind and affectionate nature. She was so gentle and uncomplicated that even Queen Victoria could find nothing to criticise and always referred to her as 'dear, sweet Alix'." That she had much to put up with is clear from the author's realistic picture of the flashy males and alluring females in whose company the Prince passed so much of his time. "By the middle 'eighties people could no longer attribute his indiscretions to youthful exuberance. The Heir Apparent was now forty-five, and it was obvious that his pursuit of women was no passing fancy. The flame of desire burned within him as brightly as ever, and promiscuity had to be accepted as an inherent part of his nature." Promiscuity is an extremely ugly word. Is it really justified? To answer with assurance we should have to know more of his secrets than we learn from this or any other book. That his Bohemian life debased the moral currency and tarnished the prestige of the monarchy which his parents had restored is undeniable. He appeared twice in a law court, first when Lady Mordaunt asserted that he had been her lover, secondly in the baccarat cheating case in 1891. On both occasions his personal integrity was intact, but it was not merely his mother and the Nonconformist Conscience who regretted the company he kept. *Noscitur a sociis.*

When the old Queen passed away in 1901 her successor, now in his sixtieth year, was popular enough—especially since his horse had won the Derby—but not, as *The Times* reminded him, greatly respected. Everyone wondered what sort of King he would make. Miss Cowles pays him a well-deserved tribute for his services in preparing the way for the Entente Cordiale by his skilful courting of the estranged Parisians in 1903 which she describes as the most important event of his reign. She also approves his efforts for a rapprochement with Russia. But she declines to be dazzled by the glamour of the lush Edwardian era or of the sovereign from whom it took the tone. He remained the same restless, self-indulgent, extravagant and rather superficial creature he had always been. "Edward was the picture of opulence. With his heavy-lidded protruding eyes, his sensual mouth, his enormous cigars, and his huge overfed body always superbly attired, he was the symbol of the good life. He had never made any pretence of deriving pleasure from intellectual pursuits. His pleasures were the pleasures of the senses—food, women, magnificence, above all else comfort. He had indulged his tastes for forty years, but his appetite was still unsatiated." Rudyard Kipling described him to a friend as a corpulent voluptuary. He was easily bored and flared up in a moment, but the storm was soon over for he was fundamentally a kindly person. He wished everyone to be happy and to have a good time like himself. The idea prevalent in Berlin and some other capitals that "the uncle of Europe," as the French called him, was a Machiavellian schemer bent on encircling Germany and plotting her downfall was a grotesque misreading of a ruler who was no less anxious to keep Europe at peace than his Foreign Ministers Lansdowne and Grey. His incessant continental travels were primarily for his own pleasure without a thought of political intrigue.

The problem for hostesses was to keep him amused and in good temper, and they soon discovered that the best method was to invite Mrs. George Keppel to their lavish parties. I do not believe that he was an unfaithful husband after his accession,

whatever may have been the case in the preceding forty years. That he was attracted by Lady Warwick and Mrs. Keppel was not surprising, for Queen Alexandra's deafness and lack of interest in the problems and personalities of Europe rendered her anything but a stimulating companion. Mrs. Keppel was the English equivalent of Frau Schratt, and Queen Alexandra, like the tragic Empress Elizabeth of Austria, was quite right not to grudge her husband the pleasure of an innocent friendship. It is only fair to the ruler whose failings have been freely exposed to recall that his relations with his heir, despite their totally different temperaments and tastes, were trustful and affectionate, and that George V was allowed full opportunity to prepare himself for the throne.

Shortly before his death Wickham Steed described King Edward as a great man. I wrote to my old friend suggesting that the word able would be more correct. Measuring him by all the other statesmen and rulers he had known, he replied, the words able or big were below his deserts. On the strength of his many political talks the former editor of *The Times* declared that he had never received his due as a King or a statesman, and that without him there would have been no Entente with France. The latter assertion is incapable of proof or disproof. As to his place in history opinions will always differ. That he was inferior in moral stature to his parents, his son and his grandson is obvious, but his record on the throne went far to redeem the unsatisfactory decades when he was waiting impatiently in the wings. Since royalties live in glasshouses we know more of their failings than of those of the private citizen. He may have been a great King, for so many rulers are mere shadows, but I think Wickham Steed went too far in saluting him as a great man. This worldly prince, who warmed both hands before the fire of life, makes an excellent subject for a biographer, and Miss Cowles' flowing narrative holds our attention from the first page to the last.

G. P. GOOCH

Edward VII and his circle. By Virginia Cowles. Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

BRITISH POLITICS SINCE 1900

A major attraction of Mr. Neville Penry Thomas' first book is the unpretentiousness of its approach. The purple passage is not for him. He eschews interpretative analysis and elaboration and never pontificates. He explains that his aim is to enable the reader to judge for himself the parties, policies and personalities of the immediate past. Within his self-imposed framework he has admirably succeeded. He has compiled a lucid and fact-loaded chronicle and a handy reference volume, rounding it off with a complete list of ministries from Salisbury to Eden and a select reference list of approximately a hundred books. What a panorama it is, and how quickly we forget! Delegated legislation and administrative justice, the ever-increasing arbitrariness of the Executive, the vicissitudes of Liberalism and Socialism, the mechanisation of party politics, the development of a welfare society, Commonwealth partnership, the advance from isolation to the European or Atlantic fraternity, all come within his period. In recording them he shrewdly keeps his own personality in the background. A few slips and mis-spellings should be corrected in the second edition. In one particular the perspective seems a little awry. This concerns the eight formative years before the 1914-1918 war. The greatest period of social reform in our history deserves a larger space. Only two members survive from the Ministry of All the Talents which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman announced in December, 1905—the philosopher-statesman, Viscount Samuel, and the warrior-statesman, Sir Winston Churchill. Among Mr. Thomas' *dramatis personae* only Sir Winston appears both in his first chapter and in his last. The preface and the text alike present a sobering challenge to those who, even in democratic societies, protest that politics are not for them. For without politics, the "architectonic" science of Aristotle, current every-day affairs and even past history are an empty husk. Those who decide to take no interest in politics commit an anti-social act and deny

their individual right and duty. If some readers grasp this lesson and act upon it, Mr. Thomas' survey will have performed a salutary and beneficial service. Here political journalists and schoolteachers, as well as bright sixth-formers, will find many of the answers to their queries. We shall hear more of Mr. Thomas.

DERYCK ABEL

A History of British Politics From the Year 1900. By Neville Penry Thomas. Herbert Jenkins. 16s.

THE CRISIS OF ISLAM

Unity and Variety in Muslim Civilization is undoubtedly one of the most important contributions to the expanding study of Islamics that has appeared for many years. It is a collection of papers presented to the International Conference of Islamists at Spa (Belgium) in 1953 and mirrors, through the researches of sixteen savants the present trend for a closer understanding of the fact and development of Muslim civilisation. Although Professor von Grunebaum's fifteen scholars have, in the main, used historical methods to produce their conclusions on the interaction of Muslim and other cultures, his own approach is anthropological. He holds (not without justification) that in every area which has become "technically Islamized" there co-exists an earlier, local culture which forms an important part of the people's life; and which has affected the further development of their culture. Sometimes this lesser tradition poses a challenge to Islamic thought itself—as in the case of Greek philosophy which early menaced Islam in conquered Byzantium; sometimes it merely colours the mode of life and action—as in the cases of Persia or Indonesia. The essential unity of the Muslim peoples, however, which has been both a slogan and a matter of belief since the religion's earliest days, is more deeply stressed in this book than in many academic works for the past few decades. For this reason alone the book would be welcomed by the present vocal generation of pan-Islamists whose efforts for a greater measure of unity continue in spite of the discouragements to which they are continually subjected.

The western impact upon Islamic civilisation today and the resultant crisis of Islam forms the subject of an intensely interesting and well developed paper by Werner Caskell. Professor Bernard Lewis' essay on the westernization of Turkey gives us an admirable case-history on the same theme. Africa, with almost the entire northern part in nationalist ferment, and with the Islamic religion fast spreading further south, is dealt with by Professor J. N. D. Anderson and Professor Roger le Tourneau in masterly contributions which to my mind form the most readable and vivid part of the book. In specific studies the Conference dealt with the law, art, literature and politics of Islam; their origins, effect and possible future development. Almost clinically, Professor Armand Abel laid bare the essentials of Arab rule in Spain and its dissolution.

The book does not (and is not intended to) cover all Islam. Such an undertaking would need an encyclopaedia. But one would have thought that the rise and fall of the Central Asian, Afghan and Moghul cultures might have yielded interesting conclusions. The large and small communities of the Balkans, China and Arabia are not noted in any detail. It should be regarded as an authoritative expression of the conclusions drawn by a brilliant team of western specialists on specific aspects of Islam. As such it could hardly be excelled. In its contemporary studies it shows with remarkable clarity that there is a common feeling among most Muslims of all nationalities today: the desire to adopt the ways of the West without sacrificing certain traditional values. This, strange as it may seem, is the explanation of many diverse phenomena which are to be found throughout the world of Islam; its sympathetic understanding by the West seems to be the only answer to current misunderstandings.

EDRIS ALI SHAH

Unity and Variety in Muslim Civilization, edited by Gustave E. von Grunebaum. University of Chicago Press and Cambridge University Press. 45s.

TURKEY FACES WEST

When William Pitt offered "friendly advice" to Catherine II to make peace with Turkey in 1791 he perceived that the preservation of the Ottoman Empire was necessary to prevent Russia from ultimately seizing Constantinople and threatening British commerce in the Levant. British interest in Turkey has increased steadily, and there are few men better qualified to outline its history than Mr. Philips Price. Written in clear and concise language and illustrated with photographs taken by the author during his many visits, the book is divided into sections dealing with Imperial, Kemalist and Modern Turkey.

The migration of the Turks from their place of origin in Dzungaria and their conversion to the Muslim faith is briefly described. From the time of their arrival in Anatolia the Osmanli sought to "face West," to establish a hegemony over the Balkan peninsula. The hatred between the Christian churches of East and West aided their advance, and the toleration they extended in religious affairs to the "Peoples of the Book" encouraged many Greeks and Slavs to serve under their banner. But the Muslim belief that "Civil law and society were made and ordained by God and could only be altered by God and not man" resulted in the ossification of the Ottoman Empire. By the nineteenth century Turkey was regarded, in the words of Czar Nicholas I, as "the sick man of Europe." Her ill-fated gamble in backing the central powers in the 1914-1918 war led to final dissolution. The achievements of Mustapha Kemal are subjected to a fair and honest assessment. A successful Machiavelli, he terminated the subjection of the secular State to theocratic dogma. The Sheriat courts and the fez, the Caliphate and the subjection of women, the Capitulations and the ancient alphabet, all alike went into the melting pot. When Greece, at the instigation of Lloyd George, sought to expand into Anatolia he did not hesitate to accept arms and money from the hereditary enemy Russia. But although he established a one-party dictatorship he was conscious of the need for the gradual growth of representative institutions. The "Father of the Turks" left behind him a firmly established nation-State.

Today the twenty-five million Turks are the most stable community in the Near East. Membership of NATO has protected Turkey from aggression, and the wide diffusion of property minimizes social conflict. An elder statesman of the Parliamentary Labour Party writes with understanding of the efforts of Turkish Governments to lay with limited resources the basis of a Welfare State. From his very considerable knowledge of the East he is convinced that "Russian Communism cannot be fought by arms alone; the West must put up against it a social system which is as good as the Russian system economically and which has the added benefit of civic freedom." Dick Sheppard once said that you could not teach Christianity to a starving man. The cardinal fact in international affairs is that two-thirds of the world's people live in constant fear of starvation; while this state of affairs continues you are not likely to teach them democracy either.

ALAN R. MASON

A History of Turkey. By M. Philips Price, M.P. George Allen and Unwin. 20s.

SOVIET RUSSIAN NATIONALISM

The Soviet Union is not a nation but a multinational State. According to the latest official estimate it had in 1955 a total population of 200.2 millions. On the basis of the Soviet censuses of 1926 and 1939, taking into account the war losses and territorial annexations, it is possible to estimate that the Russian element in the U.S.S.R. is no more than 52.5 per cent. The Soviet Union is made out to be a federal State composed of a few dozen allied or autonomous units. As G. G. Karpov, the head of the Soviet State Committee for the Affairs of the Orthodox Church, wrote in 1954: "In its nationality policy, the Communist Party of the Soviet Union assumes that the development of socialist nations and their culture,

national in form, will continue for a long time after the world dictatorship of the proletariat has been achieved."

"What can co-existence mean as long as such attitudes persist in Moscow?" asks Mr. Frederick C. Barghoorn, Associate Professor of Political Science at Yale University, in his deeply-read study of *Soviet Russian Nationalism*? His book is an important addition to the collection of essential works on Russia. As a press attaché at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow from 1942 to 1947 he had ample opportunity to observe the workings of Soviet nationalism. He defines "Soviet patriotism" as the master symbol of Soviet Russian nationalism. This is concomitant with another slogan, that of "proletarian internationalism." While the first is synonymous with the love of the Soviet peoples for their Socialist fatherland (*rodina*), the second expresses the fraternity of all who believe in Communism. While *bourgeois* nationalism is "reactionary," Communist patriotism is "progressive" because it is based upon the Marxist-Leninist creed and therefore is universal in its pretensions. Such a concept of Soviet patriotism is "a pattern of rationalizations for Kremlin imperialism." The Russians are, of course, the leading nation of the U.S.S.R. not only because they are the largest national group, but also because they "march in the vanguard of contemporary mankind." The Russians stand at the head of the Soviet peoples because the latter's cultures are "historically linked with and influenced by the Russian culture." The author has plenty to say to contradict such bombast. He describes many purges directed against *bourgeois* nationalism among the Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Georgians or Turkic peoples, the suppression of a series of autonomous republics and mass deportations to Siberia or Kazakhstan. Russification of *inorodsty* (other races) has not been abandoned as a result of the foundation of the U.S.S.R.; it became more subtle and more efficient because the Soviet creed offers a more urgent sense of mission and has far broader horizons than the Imperial Russian orthodoxy and autocracy. In addition, the Soviet variety of russification does not require a non-Russian people to renounce its language. On the contrary, a serious effort has been made to use the mother tongues of non-Russian peoples for the effective communication to them of Soviet Russian ideology and culture.

The Soviet Government is highly centralized and Mr. Barghoorn has no difficulty in demonstrating that it cannot be regarded as federal. Analysing Soviet Messianism he affirms that it aims at a "world organized and directed from Moscow." To many in the West this dream is so frightening that "they prefer to ignore it." The author admits that "Soviet social thought consists largely of a tissue of calculated ambiguities, the authority of which is sustained, in the final analysis, by terror." Nevertheless, Soviet Marxism is "a formidable tool" when used among the peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America against European and American "imperialism." To combat it mere denunciations are not enough. A positive programme of action accompanied by sympathetic understanding is indispensable, concludes Mr. Barghoorn's thoughtful and thought-provoking book.

K. M. SMOGARZEWSKI

Soviet Russian Nationalism. By Frederick C. Barghoorn. Oxford University Press. 42s.

UNREPENTING GERMANY

The German poet Hans Carossa told his fellow-countrymen after the war that millions of them had believed "in the value of one race and the worthlessness of another and had drawn the conclusion that they have more right to live than other nations. They followed a *Führer* who arrogated to himself the right to decide which race should have permission to live. A few years pass by, and millions of innocent men, women, old men and children are caught together, poisoned in gas chambers and killed by machine guns and flame-throwers. One day, however, a terrible retribution falls upon that proud and mighty nation." Do the Germans realise this? Professor Michael Freund answered: "The reaction of the Germans towards

the atrocities of the Third Reich is not at all neurotic. It is awfully 'healthy,' and the good conscience of Germany is at times uncanny." None of Hitler's poets, writers and professors who praised him, the politicians and generals who helped him into the saddle, have ever uttered a single word of shame and guilt.

"We have forgotten everything too soon," complains Helmut Hammerschmidt. In the Adenauer Cabinet there are the ministers Kraft and Oberlaender, high-ranking S.S. officers and Ribbentrop's eastern experts, and a third minister, von Merkatz, once ridiculed "the decay of liberal and parliamentarian democracy" and praised "the *Führer State*." Oberlaender has gathered round him in his ministry "a phalanx of high-ranking S.A. and Hitler Youth leaders." Far worse still are things in Adenauer's Foreign Office where 85 per cent of the higher staff are former officials of Ribbentrop's Foreign Office who were accomplices in the deportation and extermination of Jews. Although the captured German documents were published soon after the Nuremberg trials, nobody cared to look them up before taking back the heroes of the Third Reich into the Foreign Office at Bonn. When one of them was brought to trial after his criminal behaviour had been publicly denounced, the Foreign Office asked counsel to treat things with the greatest possible "discretion," and one of his friends at the Foreign Office suggested to the attorney and the judges that they should deal cautiously with the facts. "The present Foreign Office," Hammerschmidt states, "is a citadel of henchmen of the Third Reich. The bankrupts of yesterday have been called back to their desks. Who dares to say that it was impossible to find a few thousand intelligent, decent, politically clean men and women for the higher offices? A few thousand in a nation of fifty millions?" He goes on to show how the German Republic treats the paladins and the victims of Hitler. Rudolf Diels, the first chief of the Gestapo, gets a monthly pension of more than 1,000 Marks, Ernst Lautz, First Attorney at the People's Court, gets 1,342 Marks, Dr. Wildberger, another Attorney at the same infamous court, 1,400 Marks. A number of National Socialist Lord Mayors are being paid 1,000 Marks each. War criminals like Kesselring and Manstein get 1,100 Marks each. The families of Lautz's victims, however, have to put up with a small fraction of what he gets.

As to the Jews, it took the German Government nearly nine years to promulgate a law providing, in principle, for indemnification and restitution of what they have been robbed. As hardly any detailed procedural rules for the many different cases of indemnification have been published so far, officials dealing with Jewish applications find a hundred ways of evading the law and delaying payment, the more so as many of those officials are still antisemites at heart. The law provides for payment only to those who are wholly or at least half invalid, and who have committed no crimes against humanity, are not war criminals and have served no totalitarian regime—a provision which was not imposed on people like Lautz, Diels, Kesselring, Manstein or any other war criminal. A German Jew complained that he gets no indemnification as he is only fifty; but a war criminal, Dr. Martin Hellinger, sentenced to fifteen years by a British court in 1947, received 10,000 Marks indemnification for the years spent in prison. A German judge told a Jew he could get no indemnification as the food which he got in a concentration camp had been lacking in fats and that therefore his health had improved. Another judge told a German woman who had been kept in Stutthof concentration camp and had applied for indemnification: "You would not have been taken there if you had not shared your rations with foreign workers."

The pictures of *Denk ich an Deutschland* underline what we have been reading in Hammerschmidt's book. One picture shows the bomb site of the old Foreign Office at Berlin and another the new Foreign Office at Bonn. The caption beneath says that this is regarding itself "as a direct continuation of the Berlin Office." Opposite a picture showing a machine gun at Auschwitz, where innumerable people were shot, is one of a mass grave of naked corpses at Theresienstadt. The caption

beneath these two illustrations quotes Hammerschmidt's words that "the persecutors were provided for before the persecuted, the henchmen before the relatives of the hanged. This is what our indemnification looks like." One picture shows a German military band at Kiew in 1942, and opposite in grim logic a German soldier is returning home on a stretcher in 1955. On two other pages we see some sheep—the caption runs: The Truth of Yesterday—the Truth of Today. Another picture shows the Potsdam *Garnisons-Kirche* amidst ruins; beneath, the words of the German writer, Georg Buchner, uttered in 1834 are quoted: "Because the German Reich was rotten and putrid and the Germans have forsaken God and liberty, God has let the Reich go to pieces."

J. LESSER

Der Kurs ist falsch. By Helmut Hammerschmidt and Michael Mansfeld. Desch, Munich. *Denk ich an Deutschland.* By Jürgen Neven and Michael Mansfeld. Desch, Munich.

Who's Who in Germany, edited by Horst G. Kliemann and Dr. Stephen S. Taylor (Intercontinental Book & Publishing Co., German editor R. Oldenburg, Verlag, Munich. £7 15s., sole agents for Great Britain, Messrs. Interbook Ltd., 12 Fitzroy Street, London, W.1.) is a welcome addition to the works of reference which become increasingly indispensable as the world continues to shrink and we have all become close neighbours, however distant our countries look on the map. For centuries France concerned us most intimately, but today the fortunes of Germany affect our lives and thoughts still more. This massive work, containing 10,000 biographies in 1,300 double column pages, and over one hundred pages describing 2,300 organizations, appears in English and illustrates the importance which the editors and publisher attach to close contacts with the English-speaking world. To realise the practical value of the book for all who take an intelligent interest in the life of Europe we have only to look up the names of leading actors on the German stage of politics and economics, the sciences and the arts. I began with Dr. Adenauer and President Heuss, Bishop Dibelius of Berlin and Cardinal Frings. Then I turned to some of the distinguished names in my own sphere of historical studies such as Gerhard Ritter, Willy Andreas, Franz Schnabel and Fritz Valvajec, editor of *Historia Mundi*. A few distinguished German writers are included who left their country long ago, among them Hermann Hesse the novelist, resident in Switzerland, and Dr. Erich Eyck, biographer of Gladstone, Bismarck and the Kaiser, so well known to his friends in London. The appendix supplies a mass of information which we could not easily find elsewhere, such as a list of the German Nobel Prize Winners, the German recipients of the Order *Pour le Mérite*, German diplomatic representatives and missions abroad, cultural and religious institutions, universities old and new.

G. P. GOOCH

THEOLOGIAN AND SCIENTIST

The mighty shadow of St. Thomas Aquinas lies athwart these two books, implicitly so in the case of the first, but quite explicitly—with minor variations—in the second, and the affinity between them extends to their subjects. Father Coplestone is concerned with the current trends of thought in general, and Dr. Mascall with one particular provenance, that of the relationships between the assumptions of Christian theology and the assumptions of modern science. No better or more useful book has been written on its theme than the first one under review and the author ought to be sure of a wide and appreciative circle of readers. He has an outstanding gift for leading us directly to the heart of the issue he is discussing so that he who runs may read. In the first part of his volume he concerns himself with British philosophy, and in especial logical positivism, with perhaps, since there are at least some slight signs that this is already on the way out, too narrow a treatment of his subject. He comes at once to the contention of this school that "meaning" can only be rightly attributed to scientific statements and

that metaphysical statements are without meaning. He has therefore to show that the contention has no validity and that on the contrary metaphysical statements can have meaning, and a meaning moreover which is of incalculable importance for what we may call culture. In one sense, the first part of his contention provides him with easy meat. He sees logical positivism—and who will deny the assertion?—as the outcome of a scientific and technological culture too narrowly concerned with one area of life, but declares that beyond its chosen field there are ranges of experience and therefore meanings which the logical positivist neglects and that in these scientific meaning is irrelevant. He might have gone farther indeed and made the point that in these wider fields the purely scientific statement is pure nonsense. After all, anyone who spoke to his friend or proposed to a woman in the language of science would quickly lose his friend and remain unmarried to the end of his days. And in the course of his criticism of logical positivism he substantiates to the full the claims of metaphysical thinking.

It is to the second part of the book, however, that most readers will turn. Here he examines some main strands on contemporary Continental thought—the personalism of M. Mounier and the two divergent streams of thought, inspired to a large extent by the Danish thinker Kierkegaard, and which are known as existentialism. His clarity of exposition and his fairness of mind, so manifest in the earlier section of his book, have prepared us for a like treatment of his subjects in the second part. He would say that personalism is true as far as it goes but it does not go the whole way: religious existentialism could find its place in orthodox theology but atheistic existentialism has neither sure foundations nor any true form. All three movements represent the revolt of the individual against the pressure of a mass society. We have here a thorough and perceptive appraisal of movements whose freshness and vitality have won considerable attention.

Dr. Mascall's book has been prompted by two convictions. He is certain that there is no real quarrel between science and orthodox theology, and that many of the latest factors in scientific thought have created the possibility of a new climate of understanding between the theologian and the scientist. There will, of course, always be borderline issues for friendly discussion between them, but the new and most recent understanding of the nature of scientific truths, combined with the emergence of such facts as quantum physics and so on, make out of date the old antagonisms. His chapter on the nature of scientific theories is as good as anything we have had on the subject, and as one reads through the book one is profoundly impressed not only by Dr. Mascall's immense learning in his chosen field of theology, but also in the field of philosophic criticism. He never gets far from the "crucis" of modern thinking and how completely he has his finger on the pulse of contemporary thought can be seen in a series of questions: Is there room in a scientific world for free will? Does psychology do away with the idea of the human soul? What are we to say of man's origins and destiny? What, if any, is the purpose of the world? These are burning issues which profoundly affect our understanding of the world and they have rarely if ever in recent discussion received more adequate, discerning, and stimulating treatment.

B. C. PLOWRIGHT

Contemporary Philosophy. By Frederick Copleston S.J. Burns and Oates. 18s.
Christian Theology and Natural Science. By E. L. Mascall. Longmans. 25s.

TRANSCENDING SELF

Anyone who read R. Gregg's *Power of Non-Violence* will be eager to read *Self-Transcendence*, and will surely not be disappointed. The book deals with the depths of our being and our relation to the universe. It shows wide reading, containing quotations from many authors ancient and modern, and a stimulating imagination. We are reminded of Monsieur Jourdain when he discovered he was talking prose; we do not often realise, for instance, the number and variety of the assumptions we make without which life would become impossible, or the pairs of opposites which

are essential to progress. These assumptions are not proved by reason but are known intuitively, for example, the force of gravity, the fact that the sun will rise tomorrow, the great basic assumption of an order in the universe, and the fact of a fundamental unity behind this order which some people think of as an impersonal first cause and others as a personal Creator. Modern education has failed to teach us how important are our assumptions or the need for them to be mutually consistent. It has overstressed the importance of reason and given a false sense of intellectual superiority. But the greatest things in life are beyond and outside reason: reason and intuitive knowledge are both needed as a check on each other.

Mr. Gregg points out the difference between knowing and knowing about, and shows the transcendence of the pairs of opposites in something uniting them, and his enquiry into the nature of reality concludes: "The exterior world has absorbed so much of his [the scientist's] energy and thought that it has come to seem the only reality. . . . Although western man's attention is directed almost wholly outside himself, the most important part of reality is intangible and is perceived only within." And so our author feels that it is only through realisation of the importance of a spiritual change in man's attitude, through true meditation on the unity of mankind, and his blending with the eternal spirit that there lies hope for the cure of the world's present chaos and danger. "Where there is no vision the people perish," and mysticism is essential to balance the evil of materialism. It is a book of vital interest to us all.

A. RUTH FRY

Self-Transcendence. By Richard B. Gregg. Gollancz. 18s.

TRAVELS

When Mr. Arnold, between 1942 and 1945, edited the *Cyprus Post* he believed that almost half the fights between villagers there occurred on account of water rights, the other half—often with knifing—then occurred at weddings, so that although the famous Commandaria wine is still produced, which caused Richard Coeur de Lion at his marriage in the island to become, as the chroniclers tell us, both affable and jocund, it appears to have no longer that effect. And in the years since Mr. Arnold dwelt in Cyprus other reasons have been responsible for the spilling of blood. However he gives us a most interesting portrait of the Cyprian people. He quotes verbatim a letter he received from a Cyprian Turk who complained of the valuation by the Estate Duty Office of his late father's property; for instance: "We valued an old cow which is not able to get up alone £8, but the clerk valued £20. . . . When I went near to tell him my complaint he became angry and treated me unjustly as a cruel man treats a slow-moving ass." The first Turk to speak his mind freely to Mr. Arnold was a farmer, Halil, whose excellent command of English he had acquired while serving with Mr. (afterwards Sir Harry) Luke, when that gentleman was a District Commissioner in Cyprus.

We know, from the two previous volumes of Sir Harry's Autobiography, that he cherishes the memory of those early years of his official life in Cyprus. It was, for our delight, his lot to be transferred to many other parts of the world. He has an eye for things great and small—telling us, for example, of the obligatory assumption of surnames in the modern Turkey, when he came across one Mehmed Doksanalti, a word that in Turkish means ninety-six. Well, Mr. Ninety-six explained that when the law came into force he happened to weigh ninety-six kilos, so that he assumed this name for want of a better one. Out of his West African experiences Sir Harry recalls the case of convicts who were known to the prison staff by their first names followed by their sentences, such as Momo Sixweeks or Kamarra Eighteenmonths. One usually thinks of Sir Harry as a Mediterranean or South Seas expert, but he has also sojourned in many other regions, such as Easter Island, whither he was taken in a Chilean warship. After retiring from the Colonial Service he went lecturing in such diverse lands as the West Indies and Scandinavia, where, as always,

he brought back discoveries for his fortunate readers—we can now add to untranslatable words, such as the Albanian *bessa*, the Portuguese *saudade* and the German *Weltschmerz*, the Finnish *sisu*, which signifies the stubborn determination to persevere in action in the face of great obstacles.

As an exponent of *sisu* Captain Herbert Edwards is a remarkable example. Nothing has ever been able to daunt him; and, from the charmingly modest way in which he writes, one can be sure that when, passing from the Merchant Navy into the Royal Navy and finding himself so much older than the other ward-room officers he soon overcame the feeling of awkwardness and became extremely popular. One day in the presence of a German warship everything of an inflammable nature was ordered to be thrown overboard; it would not be proper, says Captain Edwards, to reproduce the language of his brother officers when it was found that a lieutenant who was a teetotaller had considered the whole wine-store in the ward-room to be of an inflammable nature. Just as questionable was the action of the authorities Captain Edwards tells us of, when the Army, sent out to the Suez Canal, chartered a cargo ship which, to afford protection from Turkish rifle fire, was ordered to bring out a load of sand, despite the fact that the whole desert of sand was on the spot. "Makes yer laugh, don't it?" said the Captain's informant. When the excellent author retired from the sea his activities by no means came to an end; in the employ of a tourist agency he had, and gives us, a good time; and, after several other jobs, all of them divertingly described, he was sent out to administer a certain area of Germany, devastated by the war. He pays a high tribute to the assistance he received from the Salvation Army, whose admirable work was so unostentatious that for a time he knew nothing of it.

Major-General Sir George Bell was likewise an officer who did not permit his retirement to lull him into idleness. His journals, the best part of which are in this book, give a fascinating account of experiences in the Peninsular and Crimean Wars—"What an inestimable woman," he says, "is this Miss Nightingale"—and from the utter inefficiency and sordidness he was invalidated home, but not before he had fried bacon in the sun on the top of his shako and made the regimental doctor eat it to show the unsuitability of that headgear in the Crimean heat. Equally entertaining were his experiences in America during the Civil War. They are, he said, a wonderful go-ahead people; but it was a little too much for him when his train covered the 236 miles between Boston and New York in eight hours and a half, during which he expected the cars to jump into the air or away off the line.

HENRY BAERLEIN

Cyprus Challenge. By Percy Arnold. Hogarth Press. 21s.

Cities and Men. By Sir Harry Luke. Bles. 25s.

Their Lawful Occasions. By Captain Herbert Edwards, R.N.(Ret.). Marshall. 15s.

Soldier's Glory. By Sir George Bell. Bell. 21s.

THE CULT OF POPE

In the last thirty years Pope, not as satirist only but as imaginative poet, has become a cult. Very properly redeemed from Joseph Warton and the Romantics by T. S. Eliot, he has been adopted and magnified by F. R. Leavis and the amateurs of Augustinism. Where fifty years ago he was considered a petty figure beside a Swift or a Fielding, he is now acclaimed as the outstanding figure of the eighteenth century—sometimes, oddly enough, in association with his moral antithesis Dr. Johnson. Even the recent swing of the critical pendulum away from amorality does not threaten him. Still, though less wrong than Joseph Warton or De Quincey, Dr. Leavis has gone too far. Most poetical of the satirists and most pointed of the poets, Pope was not of the greatest minds.

The elevation of Dryden and Pope has not involved, as it should have, a just re-appraisal of satirical verse. It is this general principle, as well as the scope and skill of the various Dunciads that Professor Williams of Yale sets out to affirm in so

thorough and bright and readable a style. The recent elaborate treatment of the satires in the Twickenham Edition of the poetry, and another American study, from Illinois, Robert W. Rogers' *The Major Satires of Alexander Pope*, should combine with Mr. Williams' acumen in dispersing the general indifference to the literary value of the little man's hates and revulsions. For a vindictive, spiteful little man, *pace* his champions, he was; and it was his lurking sense of bodily inferiority which drove him to develop satirical intensity at some possible cost to purely creative imagination. It is the skill and fun and mock heroics with which he inflates his victim, as well as the deadly incisiveness with which he pricks the bladder, that make the *Dunciad* so enjoyable. Both Mr. Williams and Mr. Rogers ask whether these protracted mock-heroics were really worth-while, and fortunately answer in the affirmative a question which really answers itself. The one thing enjoyed more than ridiculing whomsoever displeased him was polishing the attack, making it bigger and better and bitterer. As we proceed, in the wake of these skilled guides, from the *Dunciad* to the *Variorum Dunciad*, thence to the *New Dunciad* and the *Greater Dunciad*, we are left a little uncertain when love of art for art's sake and when hatred of Dennis or Theobald is driving the impish quill. We can only be sure that were Pope as "normal" and magnanimous as his up-to-date critics would have him, this particular relish and this unique glitter would be lacking to literature.

But Mr. Williams is always right and cogent in stressing the element of "enlargement" in Pope's satire, though surely there is a closer parallel to Dryden here than he concedes. Particularly valuable are his analyses of the mock-epic structure, the parody of the *Aeneid*, and his demonstration of the main theme of the burlesque: the ascension of Dullness *via* the Lord Mayor's procession, from the city to the Court. Pope effected wonderfully the illusion of identifying dull writers with the death of culture and ultimately chaos and "universal darkness." Mr. Williams does bring out the power of this achievement. But we still question his applying the word "profound" to Pope's moral imagination.

H. P. COLLINS
Pope's Dunciad: A Study of its Meaning. By Aubrey L. Williams. Methuen. 18s.

THE WHOLE BROWNING

The critic of a poet, like the editor of a selection, can rarely satisfy every reader. Just as each demands his favourite poem, so all are disturbed by one or another method of approach. It is too academic, or too personal; too admiring or too grudging; too deadly orthodox or too wildly revolutionary. And if it happens to be a mean of all these attitudes it is flavourless. Perhaps the one useful criterion is whether the critic enjoys his job and is drawn to his subject. Of the two who now take up the cause of Browning, Mr. Reeves, in a critical preface to a small selection, is on the side of caution and quiescence. Mr. Duffin, who bursts into solar prominences and black eclipses, is the more exciting critic; but then he is out for a thorough examination, while Mr. Reeves intends to coax the uninitiated into Browning by a velvet touch, a plea for the "happy poems, light-hearted, but not without a certain wistful melancholy." The tougher narrative and dramatic works are in any case outside the scope of his selection, which taxes the reader at most—for length—with "Fra Lippo Lippi" and "Childe Roland." His introductory essay skates lightly over the disputed ground of obscurity, prolixity, didacticism and religion. He follows Mrs. Betty Miller's theory of a Browning driven through the weakness of his nature to Elizabeth Barrett, and condemns her poetry in a devoted allegiance to the fashions of yesterday. But he does him a distinction, in Browning, between thought and poetry; and it is this separation, expressed by Browning himself as "passion and thought" in the poem "Amphibion," that has given Mr. Duffin his title and a good part of his theme.

The hasty reader (or bookshop dipper) may be scared off Mr. Duffin's study at the outset by his air of personal adoration. His first section, "The Man," accepts the entire Browning—lover, thinker, liberal, social and religious being—as a noble,

civilized creature compounded all of physical health and mental fitness. Even his shortcomings seem to glow. Is the poet to be equally unassassable? Far from it. Mr. Duffin's emphasis and enthusiasm work both ways, once he gets down to the serious business of poetic criticism. He has no use for half measures, and rides his switchback up into the starry heavens and down with a lurch to gaze at the grit and gravel below. Examining "The Ring and the Book" for instance, he grants to Browning "huge dramatic powers" for his depiction of both fine and evil characters, condemns the last Book for execrable verse and an exhaustion of the poet's capacities, and denies to the whole huge shaggy production a claim to immortality as a work of art. Or take "Sordello." Mr. Duffin is keenly aware of the debt we owe him for shining a torchlight throughout its gloomy caverns. He decides that the chance display of shapely stalactites has not been worth the hours of chill and darkness. It is packed with a muddled philosophy, which possibly neither Mr. Duffin nor Browning himself can wholly clarify. Sordello is condemned by his inventor for attempting to probe the secrets of eternity. That, Mr. Duffin defends, is what the poet *should* do; but he admits, in other contexts, that he should not (as a poet) do it in terms of philosophic systems or rational and didactic thought.

Which brings us back to "Amphibianism," as Mr. Duffin has labelled that duality he sees in the typical Browning poem—inspired verse conveying not an emotional truth but a reasoned argument. Even this diagnosis fails with some of the "puzzle poems" where he found "the ideas were so vague that only a fog could express them." One may add, too, that the fogged reader can interpret as he pleases. Has any heretic suggested that the sustained homage of "A Grammarian's Funeral" might be meant ironically? Browning, as Mr. Reeves points out, fancied himself a man of action. Rising from his falls to march breast forward, did he fully approve of the pale scholar who chose to learn and know rather than live actively—"dead from the waist down"? Is he not a more sedentary Sordello, and—to the Browning who carried off Elizabeth or made poetry out of crime and sensual passion—a more pitiful failure? I hand Mr. Duffin this scandalous theory in gratitude for his stimulating contrasts, obtuse angles, reckless statements and felicitous truths. Without pretending to finality, he has made the whole Browning landscape live and sprout again. This, surely, is what the critic of a dead poet *should* be doing.

SYLVA NORMAN

Selected Poems of Robert Browning. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by James Reeves. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.
Amphibion: A Reconsideration of Browning. By Henry Charles Duffin. Bowes & Bowes. 30s.

EPILOGUE TO A BOOK OF NEW VERSE

*Pass, little ship, beyond the harbour rails,
 Go where the water-ways are wide and long;
 There's still a breath of wind to fill your sails
 And still a distant foothold for a song.*

*Though there are few to listen, few to see
 How life has been defiled and truth defamed
 And darkness hangs upon the lighthouse-tree
 And the once-honoured is the often-shamed,*

*Still the horizon hopes, a bright star calls
 "Why do you tarry? Every ocean song,
 Though caught on barren rocks, may raise green walls
 And start the sap to sweeten bitter wrong."*

HERBERT PALMER

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Setting a standard for the anthological character of the books before us is C. V. Wedgwood's 1956 presidential address to the English Association. *LITERATURE AND THE HISTORIAN* (*Oxford University Press*. 5s.) happily assumes that the two cannot be sundered, and meets scientific objections with some examples: of the "straight simplicity" of Froissart's description of Wat Tyler's march on London; of the "generous heat" of Macaulay's portrait of Thomas Wentworth; of the "cool humour" of Gibbon for primitive Christians; of the maturity and clarity of G. M. Trevelyan for the behaviour of early eighteenth century gentlemen; of the "grand manner" of Winston Churchill for Joan of Arc. A Motley, a Carlyle, a J. R. Green, a Lytton Strachey (but not his imitators), a Professor Toynbee, a Sir Maurice Powicke or Sir Lewis Namier, have each their contribution in support; and the President herself, with ever-growing reputation and a stature to equal them all, embodies the perfect marriage of history and style.

Members of the English Association

The Association further celebrates its jubilee year by the publication of *ESSAYS AND STUDIES* (*John Murray*. 12s. 6d.), collected by George Rostrevor Hamilton in the ninth volume of the new series. Arundell Esdaile's account of the half-century's activities—from the inception of an idea "to afford opportunities for friendly intercourse and co-operation amongst all who love our literature and language, and desire to spread a knowledge of them"—properly leads the way. The vigorous and elegant tail is wagged by the first honorary secretary, F. S. Boas, who sparkingly recalls his Oxford memories of 1881-1886 (the frontispiece portrait does seemly honour to this remarkable scholar whose other status of nonagenarian seems irrelevant). In between, Bonamy Dobrée's two conversationists drink "to the free-minded enjoyers of Shakespeare," E. M. Tillyard discusses the novel as literary kind,

Martin Armstrong the art of listening, and T. R. Henn the accent of Yeats' *Last Poems*. R. M. Wilson introduces the prose of mystics Richard Rolle, Julian of Norwich and Margery Kempe, and Helen Gardner the John Medina who was Milton's first illustrator. The comments of Kate O'Brien, profound and polished as ever, throw steady light as she quotes from letter writers famous as St. Paul, Madame de Sévigné and Walpole, and varied as Keats, Teresa of Avila and Flaubert. Her conclusion, that this "delicate way of communication" is being and still will be used—in face of the assumption that life is now "conducted by telephone, telegram and taxi"—is irresistible.

How Tudors wrote

Letters take a natural place in "an anthology of Tudor Prose 1481-1555." This is the subtitle of *THE THOUGHT AND CULTURE OF THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE* (*Cambridge University Press*. 37s. 6d.) which is edited by Elizabeth M. Nugent and introduced by F. S. Boas, Douglas Bush, Eloise L. Pafort, W. Gordon Zeeveld, Gertrude Annan, W. E. Campbell and H. S. Bennett. In a period of quickened life and movement, with universities refurbished and State and Church established, great scholars abounded both in the ranks of rebirth and reform. Their counsel raised them to the heights of favour and sometimes dashed them down, and their own characters and crises, everyday and political, are represented here. Their writings demonstrate that hot sunshine did not follow the murk, that change was made without leaps or gaps; as the editor better puts it: "The Renaissance of continental Europe and England was the gradual flowering of the seeds of western culture sown in the Middle Ages." The volume's seven sections—labelled humanists, grammars, political and social order, tradition and early Tudor medicine, sermons and religious treatises, chronicles and histories, and romances and tales—are surprisingly neatly parcelled. From the copy of William Grocyn's will to the "merry

jest" of how Howleglass talked to the doctors of Bohemia, from John Colet's articles of admission at his new St. Paul's School to More's dialogue of comfort against tribulation, from *The Book of Assizes* to *A Book Against the Sweating Sickness*, they present the range of "men of enduring faith and high learning, standing midway between Chaucer and Shakespeare." Theirs was the language that became the instrument of the Elizabethans, and the Jacobean, and so our own.

The alien corn

What of those who must learn to use it skilfully from outside? *THE PEN IN EXILE*, a second anthology edited by Paul Tabori (*International P.E.N. Club Centre*, 101, Hatton Garden. 12s. 6d.) is a measure of the success of some in our time who, in the words of C. V. Wedgwood's Foreword, "have sacrificed so much for the principles of free expression," and not least the cultivation of their powers and talents in the mastery of their mother tongue. Their predicament is apprenticeship to the strange language, or confinement of their work to fellow-exiles, or resigning themselves to the medium of translation. Those who chose the first are unhampered here by the bitter nostalgia which, the editor says, "peoples our dreams with images (and nightmares) of Prague and Budapest, Tirana and Warsaw" for their pieces but rarely depict former scenes, and some are at home enough to criticise the host. So, in these days when the British suspect that nobody likes them, Paul Tabori's Preface on this point revives our *amour propre*: "Under the denunciation of English cooking or the tyranny of the bureaucrats there is still deep gratitude and affection for the one country in the world that has never been niggardly about its hospitality." Some of these essayists, poets and short story tellers have submitted to translation, but all, whether Chinese, Albanian, Russian, Hungarian, Polish, Bulgarian, or from Baltic shores, and living here or abroad, write in good faith as artists while they wage a "thankless fight" against the ignorance and

hypocrisy that urge their return to native lands.

The right ingredients

To turn from a subject full of pain, actual and vicarious, two more collections call for lighter-hearted grouping. The first is *BON VIVEUR RECIPES* (*Daily Mail*. 4s. 6d.) compiled beguilingly by Fannie and Johnny Cradock. Some of these are entitled to a British passport but all merit such adjectives as exotic and colourful, for the Cradocks could have quoted Flecker's chief grocer:

We have rose-candy, we have spikenard,
Mastic and terebinth and oil and spice,
And such sweet jams meticulously jarred

As God's Own Prophet eats in Paradise.
They have also crystallized mint leaves,
New Orleans pralines, Carlsbad plums,
confiture de Pamplemousses, haggis,
boudin, pickled Jerusalem artichokes,
sauerkraut, and a beloved lemon curd
readers will thankfully acclaim as
Anglo-Saxon. The style is racy to
matey, as the hazards of potting and
bottling are gaily tossed aside.

The other packed little book is a warning of the pitfalls that await those who yearn for colloquial fluency in the English tongue. It is *RIGHT WORD, WRONG WORD* by V. H. Collins (*Longmans*. 10s. 6d.) and its avowed purpose is to bring together, "with explanations, the words whose meaning is today most commonly confused with that of other words with which they are thought to be synonymous." The honest scrutiny of these 300-odd word groups discovers that faults are not nearly so obvious nor so often corrected as might be supposed—witness an unheeding interchange of 'come' and 'go' as synonyms for each other. An object is 'shared': the author's is to protect our linguistic heritage; an action is 'shared in': his is distinguishing between the growth and degeneration of language. And the other half of this 'sharing' and 'sharing in' should belong to his readers—writers, translators, teachers, businessmen, and all degrees of laymen—as a result of renewed or awakened interest.

Enquire within

Laymen are invited to share the

treasures garnered in *THE NEW OUTLINE OF MODERN KNOWLEDGE* (*Victor Gollancz*. 18s.). Alan Pryce-Jones in his Preface calls them "the intelligent public without any detailed acquaintance with much of the matter in hand." More difficult to define is how far the modern world of knowledge is "incomprehensible without a detailed historical background" and indeed "what knowledge is." He finds facts becoming more diffuse and harder to connect, subjects interlocking, and a universe more difficult to codify in strictly rational terms. This admirable editor's Preface rather than an introduction should be regarded as a kind of key of admittance to the outer wall of the hoard within, where a "higher standard of knowledge and judgement is required of our contemporaries than ever of their forebears." The first section batters down the door with "Philosophy and Metaphysics," for no easy reading is promised, and we are not reassured by the closing quoted words of Remy de Gourmont that "very simple ideas are within the reach of very complicated minds only." It is in these four chapters by philosophers and theologians that the absence of page headings is most felt, but a comprehensive index comes to aid when the way is lost. "Science" is the heading for the next eight essays, and from astronomy, and the conquest of space, to medicine, and social anthropology the experts open our eyes while they provoke our wonder and thought. With "Art" and the essays on painting, sculpture, writing, music, architecture, archaeology, and the new arts of the twentieth century, the "going gets easier" and even if there is no relaxing the dusty searcher is soothed, for example, by the beat of Sir Mortimer Wheeler's prose. "Politics and Economics" embraces Lord Boyd-Orr's chapter on world resources and François Lafitte's on social aims of the contemporary State; the other writers in this section are T. E. Utley, Christopher Hollis, R. F. Harrod and Thomas Balogh. "Law" is in the most capable care of A. L. Goodhart. The suggestions for further reading are not the least

valuable part of a volume which, in addition to its function of providing precise information, can lead, as the editor says, "the pontiff who lurks concealed in us all a little further out of reach of error."

The state of the poll

And the pontiff is not even concealed in the election candidate, who is in danger of publicly pronouncing 'yea' and 'nay' on subjects that have always baffled him, and suddenly becoming colour blind except for black and white. The Oxford University Lecturer in Politics, H. G. Nicholas, whose book *The British General Election of 1950* has been followed by studies of the American political arena, now makes an anthology of election scenes from English fiction *To THE HUSTINGS* (*Cassell*. 18s.). He has selected and introduced passages of radical satire from Thomas Love Peacock and Hilaire Belloc, the one on under-representation in 1817 and the other on over-representation in 1908. There are extracts from Dickens, Disraeli, George Eliot, Trollope and Meredith; John Galt's *Provost* surveys two candidates whose rivalry is of "pursue and personality"; Samuel Warren (author of *The Manual of Parliamentary Election Law*) gives us chapters from *Ten Thousand a Year* which include Delamere's election address; in *The Semi-Detached Couple*, Emily Eden reports "pre-Reform electioneering seen from the drawing-room"; the free-lance journalist tells of his entry into politics as an interlude in the pages of *The New Machiavelli* by H. G. Wells, and Miltoun's candidacy is part of the plot of Galsworthy's *Patrician*. Finally, there is a large piece of *The Double Quest*, R. J. Cruickshank's 1936 novel, with opponents whose traits claim our recognition still. The collection brings back the whole atmosphere of committee rooms and platforms and, as H. G. Nicholas says in an Introduction full of shrewd observation and entertainment, in electioneering "there is plenty to engage a novelist's attention and retain a reader's interest." GRACE BANYARD

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